May 23, 1950 25¢

Labor's Case on Pensions
by Victor Reuther

The Reporter

EUROPE—AND GERMAN REARMAMENT

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Soviet-Zone Germans commemorating the 1848 revolt

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The Reporter's Notes

Treason at Yalta

There must be men in Russia who are plain mad at That Man in the Kremlin, but cannot express themselves the way John T. Flynn and the rest of the Roosevelt critics do.

That Man, the Stalin-haters must think, sold Russia down the river at Teheran and Yalta. He was so bamboozled by the wiles of Churchill and Roosevelt that he left western Europe, the wealthiest and most industrialized part of the continent, to the Americans. When the war ended the Communists were by far the strongest elements in the resistance movements in France and Italy. And what did That Man do? He ordered the Communists to enter coalition governments and play the democratic game. Everybody knows what happened: After a couple of years, they were kicked out of the coalition governments. Now, the Communist Parties in France and Italy can neither play the role of the Loyal Opposition nor seize power themselves. They are trapped. And the worst is yet to come, for the trend has already started in several countries. The Communist Parties are going to be outlawed.

And what did he gain, That Man, at Yalta? He collected the wayward and underprivileged peasants of eastern Europe and now, as if that weren't enough, he has taken four hundred million famished Chinese off the American relief rolls.

But, of course, he was happy at Teheran and Yalta. The Tiflis seminarist strutted in his brand-new, brass-burdened uniform, proud to be treated as an equal by the descendant of Marlborough and by the scion of Dutch patroons. They got him. The Atlantic could have been the Soviet frontier, and now to hide from the Russian people the lands that should be theirs, he has rung down the Iron Curtain.

Incidentally, to top it all, a son of That Man is beginning to get his name into the headlines—Lieut. General Vassily Stalin. Junior was in command of the air squadrons that flew over Red Square on the last anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

When's Your Funeral?

Some weeks ago several papers carried the news that the New York State Attorney General is investigating false rumors about the *Herald Tribune*: For a long time people have been saying that this great paper is going to fold or be sold. It is quite proper for the state authorities to track down the rumormongers.

Such lugubrious stories are part of the daily life of all publications that happen to be independent. They are a sign of our crude McCarthy era. People ask an independent publication, "When's your funeral?" in the perfunctory way in which they say "How do you do?"

The men and women who work at the *Herald Tribune* certainly cannot be upset by such routine ill-will. They must have learned to answer their "When's your funeral?" the same way they answer "How do you do?"—by repeating the question.

The Postmaster's Ruling

The recent ruling of the Postmaster General to have only one postal delivery a day in residential areas may be only politics, but it may also portend great things to come. Briefly, it means that the residential areas of our cities are going to be reduced to R.F.D. postal service.

The complexities of city problems, particularly in great metropolitan areas, would be greatly simplified if the city slickers were content with the same services that the rural folks enjoy. This could be applied to garbage collections, for instance; they could be made once every great while, with the advantage that the uncollected material would fertilize our streets. It might be rather uncomfortable at the beginning but later on city dwellers might look on it as one giant step forward toward the pastoralization of America.

Broadmindedness

In its recent Washington convention the American Society of Newspaper Editors was addressed in different sessions by President Truman, Secretary Acheson, and Senator McCarthy. All three speeches, the reports said, were heartily applauded.

The A.S.N.E. has shown real broadmindedness and impartiality. We wonder whether other organizations could not follow its precedent. A national convention of businessmen, for instance, might hear and applaud not only corporation presidents and board chairmen but also men like Frank Costello—for Mr. Costello is undoubtedly engaged in some kind of business which has never been quite clear to the public. Or the next convention of the United Automobile Workers could be addressed not only by the Reuther brothers but also by those still unknown gentlemen who on two separate occasions expressed rather vigorously their dissatisfaction with the Reuthers, and whose grievances should be heard.

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Correspondence

In the Dark?

To the Editor: I am renewing because you have done a remarkable job. On one matter only is your myopia so pronounced that, in a lesser publication, it would lose my subscription. That is the matter of recognizing the necessity for establishing a régime of enforceable law at the world level.

Since this is obviously the most important task confronting the planet, it is disconcerting to find you making *no* contribution to its solution—but you do fill the resultant vacuum with some stimulating discussion of the peripheral problems, and I like your way of going about it. May you see the light.

MARY STUART CHAMBERLAIN
Washington

Catalysts of Calamity

To the Editor: Mr. Deutscher's comparison of the Napoleonic with the current era (in your April 25 issue) is acute. The lesson he derives is notable. The hysterical denunciation of possibly valuable ideas and theories because of their apparent corruption by a clique or cliques serves no logical purpose.

The ex-Communists who have blossomed forth in the American atmosphere of red-baiting are, indeed, pitiable creatures, and charity dictates a feeling of compassion, as for persons recovering from dementia.

But why should you and I suffer for their lamentable mistakes? They are catalysts in a chemical reaction which may one day explode into fascism or the like. Their words spur our people into agreeing to the curtailment of liberties for the sake of freedom.

CHARLES R. AYER
Framingham, Massachusetts

Missed a Long Shot

To the Editor: To me one of the most irritating failings of your competitors, the news magazines, is the practice of interlarding their stories with glib, apparently pertinent but completely inaccurate factual sidelights. It seems that you would do well to avoid their example.

In Isaac Deutscher's story in your April 25 issue I learn to my surprise that Goethe "greeted the sound of Napoleon's guns at Valmy." Perhaps Goethe had a less Olympian side which had made him a keen student of artillery and of the French order of battle. If so, he may, I suppose, have been able to detect at Valmy the sound of a battery that had formerly been or was later to be commanded by Napoleon. At any rate, the French troops at Valmy (1792) were under the command of Kellermann.

It seems more likely to me that the whole thing is what artillerymen call a "muzzle burst," a round that explodes immediately after leaving the muzzle, to the intense discomfort of the gun crew.

ROBERT PHINEAS KNAPP, JR.
Port Washington, New York

[*As Mr. Knapp points out, we were balmy on Valmy—The Editors*]

Reporter to Reporter

To the Editor: I also own and publish a *Reporter*—an eighty-three-year-old country weekly that my wife and I purchased with our wartime savings in July, 1946. It goes out each Thursday to about nine hundred subscribers in an area some 350 square miles in size.

On a microscopic scale, I believe we share your own problems, and are therefore more competent to appreciate what a truly splendid achievement your *Reporter* represents. We've read every issue, cover-to-cover, so far, often to our own editorial benefit.

Can't your magazine be placed on sale here? Country folk will read calm, thoughtful news analyses more widely and gratefully than your distributors may imagine. If you and your staff would consider reaching out for contacts through organizations such as the Grange and the Parent Teacher associations, you might find not only a larger audience, but a legitimate opportunity in rural areas to foster and amplify the understanding of our national and world-wide problems which is so truly needed today.

This is a job in which several thousand small rural newspapers like mine would welcome your help.

EDWARD ANDROVETTE
Canaan Center, New Hampshire

Ealing and Hollywood

To the Editor: While I enjoyed C. A. Lejeune's attack on the insipidities and inaccuracies of Hollywood in "U. S. Films—Risky Exports" (your May 9 issue), I must quarrel with the author on one point. The statement is made that "The implicit trust in the psychiatrist is one of the things that moviegoers abroad find it hardest to understand about postwar America."

I would point out that "Mine Own Executioner," containing the very elements your critic attacks, was filmed in Britain, with a British cast (except for Burgess Meredith), from a British novel. Perhaps Ealing and Hollywood are not so far apart.

S. L. HERSTAL
Sewickley, Pennsylvania

Contributors

R. H. S. Crossman, Labour Member of Parliament since 1945, is one of the editors of *The New Statesman and Nation.* During the war he served at SHAEF as Assistant Chief of the Psychological Warfare Division. In 1946 he was a member of the Anglo-American Palestine Commission. . . . Raymond Aron, French political writer, has specialized in contemporary German sociology. . . . Isaac Deutscher, author of *Stalin, a Political Biography,* contributes frequently to *The Reporter.* . . . Ernest Leiser, bureau chief in Frankfurt, Germany, for Overseas News Agency, is one of the twenty American correspondents whose reports make up *This Is Germany,* to be published May 22 by William Sloane Associates. . . . Victor G. Reuther is director of the education department of the United Automobile, Aircraft and Agricultural Implement Workers of America, CIO. . . . Frank Tannenbaum, economist, political scientist, is professor of Latin American history at Columbia University. . . . James M. Minifie is a member of the Washington Bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune.* . . . Edmund Wilson, novelist, critic, playwright, and essayist, has recently returned from Haiti. His latest book is *Europe Without Baedeker.* . . . William Laas, magazine editor and writer, was in Italy with O.S.S. during the war. . . . William Harlan Hale has just completed a biography of Horace Greeley for fall publication. Cover by Arthur Getz; photographs from Black Star and Magnum.

The Editors

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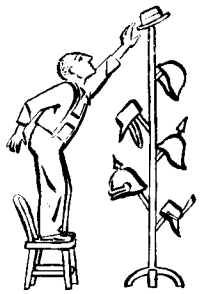
The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

May 23, 1950 Volume 2, No. 11

Europe—and German Rearmament



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Editorial

Our Peace Offensive

Until last fall, our system of defense was of a symbolic and fiduciary nature. We kept enough troops in Germany and a few other places to serve as a token of power; a U. S. carrier would sometimes steam into some harbor of the Mediterranean or the Pacific as a sample of our might. The most spectacular of all our symbols, of course, was the atomic bomb, which we alone could make and which, unprovoked, we would never use.

When the President announced on September 23, 1949, that an atomic explosion had occurred in Russia, there was something like a mad run on the banks. Many of us were seized by an urge to find out how much power we had or could acquire to back up all the promissory notes we had released. The worth of our paper commitments was checked not only against our own reserves, but against those that the Russians had piled up in their secret vaults.

We have fallen out of the delusion of relying on a weapon of immeasurable, incomparable power into the new delusion of measuring and comparing. The peace of the world seems to rest on our military parity with Russia—a rather slippery ground, since it is extremely difficult to gain exact information of anything Russian, and since arms are not the major weapons in Russia's arsenal.

But we have to arm, we are told; we have to enlist soldiers on our side wherever we can find them. We have to start by arming Germany, for Germans, no matter how sick of war they may have become, are still reputed to be good soldiers. We have to warn the nations of western Europe that they have four years to raise as many divisions as they can to maximum strength, and that this will cost them approximately what they have received from the Marshall Plan.

The advocates of promiscuous armament are not all generals or field marshals. Sometimes military brainstorms are most dangerous when they devastate heads not covered by brass hats. But civilians and soldiers alike overlook one fact: In our feverish efforts to reach military parity with Russia some years from now, we are increasing the political power of Russia today.

We only dismay our European allies by telling them that they have to rearm to a man. We publicize the H-bomb, which we are told may be extremely difficult to detonate; but our talk about the devilish gadget has already detonated long-stored explosive fears all over the world and set off poisonous waves of despair among our friends. We raise the specter of German rearmament, which only delays the entrance of Germany into the European community of nations. The more we burden the people of western Europe with armament programs, the more they recoil from us. Many of them are dreaming now of a neutrality that would certainly prove to be the strongest inducement to Russian aggression.

Yet, while we put all our reliance on arms, changes are occurring in our political coalition that cry to be acknowledged. A commonwealth of free nations—which is at the same time a system of interlocking commonwealths—is coming into existence. It goes from the Pan-American system, to the nations of the Atlantic Pact, to the Council of Europe, to the Commonwealth that used to be called British, to the burgeoning alliance of the free people of Asia. It is a system which is destined not to destroy but to buttress the present structure of the United Nations, and which any country willing to abide by certain standards can join.

The time to start thinking about these basic standards is here, for though we won the last war without any definite set of aims, we cannot win a global political conflict without political aims—without setting minimum standards of internal order that every nation must acknowledge and live up to. These standards may be reduced to three:

First, in each nation there must be no trace of slavery, no forced labor for which men receive just enough calories to keep them fit to work.

Second, each nation must have a removable government—not so sticky and oppressive that the people have no hope of ever exerting any influence on it or getting rid of it.

Third, each nation must have an internal order resilient enough to repair its own political and economic deficiencies.

We need ask no more. A country which has no slaves may, if it chooses, nationalize its economy. People who are free to use their right of citizenship may have a one-party system, as is the case with some of our most friendly nations.

We also can and must let the people on the other side know that, unless their leaders set the example, we will never aim at wholesale destruction. We must be armed and have at our disposal all the weapons that science and technology can give us, but we must make it clear that we will not use them except for retaliation, and then only to create such confusion that the people under Communism may overthrow its rule. Our military shield must protect us while we use our political sword to cut the ties that bind oppressed or deluded people to Communism.

According to the theories of the Communist leaders, war is a mopping-up operation, conducted against people whose political and economic structure is tottering or crumbling. If we let them win the political conflict, their war effort wouldn't have to be great. If we start our peace offensive now and give it momentum, no force of arms will save them. —Max Ascoli

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'Atlantic High Council'

A call for a supreme headquarters to run all the West's tangled committees

This article is the first of a series by Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, political writer for the Paris daily Le Monde, *who is revisiting the United States at the invitation of Congress under the provisions of the Smith-Mundt Act. Recently M. Schreiber has worked closely with Premier Georges Bidault on formulating the latter's current proposal for an "Atlantic High Council for Peace." While he is here, M. Schreiber will write for* The Reporter.

Four years have passed since I was last in the United States. During those years I have been writing on foreign affairs for the French press; I have traveled several times a year in other European countries. On these trips, sometimes simply as a newspaperman but sometimes on a more personal and intimate basis, I met and talked about foreign policy to statesmen—Prime Ministers, diplomats, and Senators—as well as to businessmen and plain citizens. From all these meetings one dominant impression persists: that the picture Europeans have of America is as confused as it can be. This confusion is both the cause and the result of unbalanced political collaboration in the Atlantic Community—a state of affairs in which such risky tendencies as "neutralism" are able to take root.

It goes without saying that I am not speaking of the Communists or their fellow travelers, who not only make no attempt to understand American policy but try by all possible methods of propaganda to make it incomprehensible to everyone else. Dismissing Communist opinion, we can plot a graph of present European opinion by indicating its two extremes. Those least favorably disposed toward the United States say this: "America is using us precisely as Russia is using its satellites in eastern Europe. The Soviet and American civilizations are equally inhuman, mechanized, and homogeneous. Europe must refuse to enter either bloc. We must repel both imperialisms, the American as firmly as the Russian, for although they make use of different methods, both are fundamentaly dangerous."

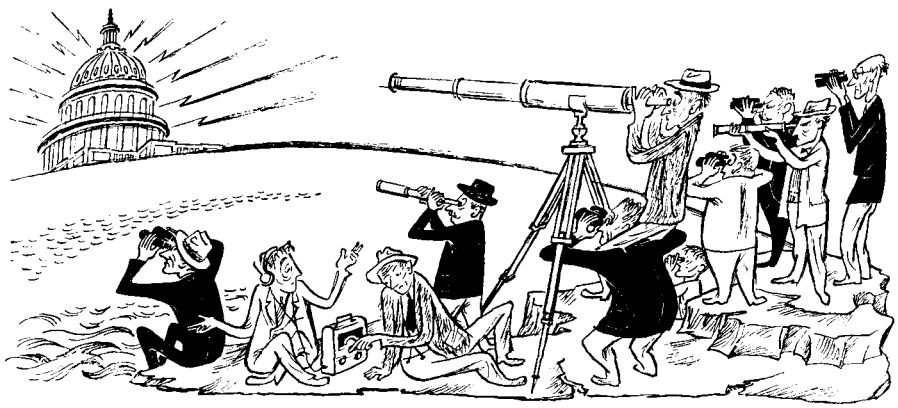
Those most favorably disposed say this: "America is a democracy which we respect and which respects the rights of other nations. There is no American imperialism. It is not that we are neutral; we are allied to America against a common enemy: Sovietization. But America has not succeeded in taking its real position as leader of the democratic world. Its aims are not clear; its methods are improvised. There is no over-all plan, no long-term purpose. We are linked to America, but we are the victims of chance and caprice as expressed in the United States Congress. We are fully aware that we must remain bound to the United States, but we keep our fingers crossed, hoping that the sea will remain calm—for the ship of our common fate has no rudder." Generally speaking, these are the two poles of European opinion with respect to Washington.

Now, in the United States, I am getting an opportunity to see the other side of the question: How do Americans feel about Europe? The answers are no more reassuring.

It seems to me that most Americans believe that Europeans are lazy and defeatist. Americans expected two things of Europe: first, that under the Marshall Plan the several European nations would achieve some degree of unification (the fashionable word is "integration"), and, second, that under the Atlantic Pact Europe would be able to build up its own defenses against possible attack by the Red Army. Today Americans perceive that neither of these objectives is anywhere near reached, and they believe that the nations of Europe are responsible for their own visible impotence.

From here on, it seems to me that American opinion is also divided. Those Americans who are least favorably disposed toward Europe say: "Let us make the Europeans face their responsibilities. Let us tell them clearly, and even brutally, that if they want to continue receiving dollars and guns they must take their own steps to construct the integrated political and military system that we consider necessary for their defense. We must give them a deadline: Either show real results or you get no more money, no more guns."

Those Americans who are more favorably disposed say: "We cannot abandon Europe. We must continue to



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support and protect Europe, for otherwise Europe will fall into the Soviet orbit. But we must stop hoping that Europeans will have the courage to create and pursue any effective common policy, and so from now on we ourselves must assume complete command of western affairs. There is no longer any point in arguing with European nations. We shall keep on paying the bill. But from now on we shall give the orders."

That is how matters appear to stand between Europe and America. Actually, the unsatisfactory relationship is nothing new. It has persisted through the last two or three years—and not even the generous and constructive gesture of the Marshall Plan has succeeded in establishing a solid basis for co-operation or in creating a feeling of solidarity. Neither has the Atlantic Pact. Its purpose is to restore that sense of security without which Europeans can obviously not have even the will to build for the future. But the pact has failed in its purpose, or at least has not succeeded to a sufficient extent. So all this time the West has been hindered by mutual misunderstanding, shortsightedness, and improvisation. This leads logically, or seemingly so, to this conclusion: If until now we have managed to get along in spite of the evident weakness of our collaboration, if until now the Communists have not taken over in Paris and the Red Army has not dared invade the West, why shouldn't this state of affairs linger on unchanged for years and years? This attitude is at the root of a good deal of political thinking; it can be summed up as follows: "After all, things are not going so badly; it is quite possible that we shall be able to survive even if it is true that we are incapable of settling all our differences and building a united community."

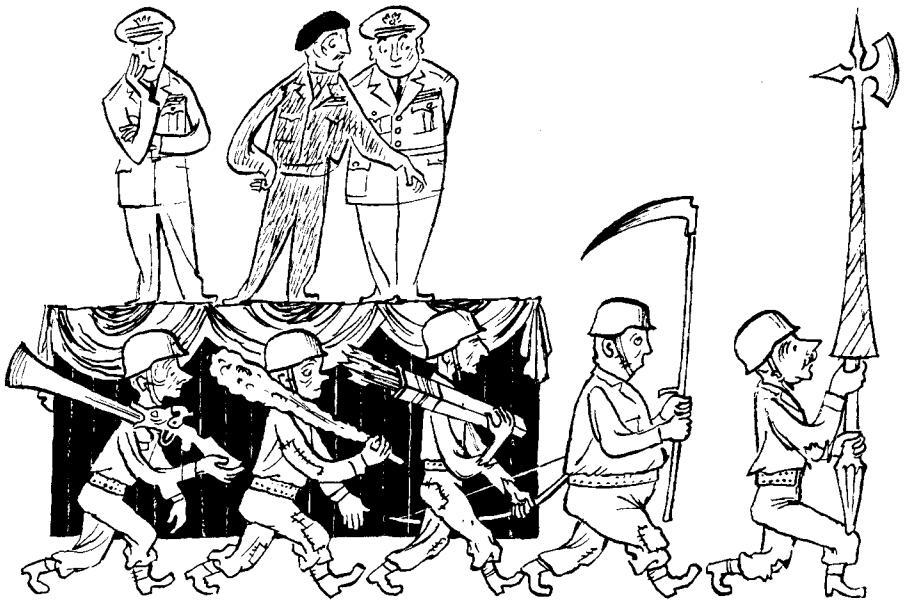
The only trouble with this reasoning is that it starts from a false premise. It assumes that the dangers that may threaten us in the future will be the same as those that have threatened us until now, and that consequently the means by which we have warded them off will suffice to ward them off in the future. That is where the error comes in. Today we are reaching the end of a period. Until now the military threat has not been a real one; the technical superiority of America's military potential has been great enough to annul it. Until now the economic problem has not been terribly complicated; the big problem was to rebuild Europe's industrial apparatus by distributing dollars. One could say that we were sailing in moderate to fairly strong winds; the storm signals had not yet been hoisted.

They are up now. Everyone agrees that within a year or two Russia's military potential will constitute a real threat to the entire West, not merely Europe. On the economic plane, the real problems are rapidly becoming evident: unemployment, lack of exchange, and overproduction. In other words, we shall see from now on a daily increase in two appalling statistics; those of Soviet atomic bombs and those of unemployment in the West. The hurricane will be upon us, and no makeshift measures will ensure our vessel's safety. That is why, all of a sudden, people are beginning to recognize the weaknesses that exist in our western coalition.

Because this transition is taking place so abruptly, the reaction of the West has been an automatic reflex, and a very dangerous one. It has been simply a cry for more and more stopgaps. That is why we are hearing so much talk about rearming Germany—among other improvised ideas, economic and military, for Europe and the Far East.

Everywhere the reaction is to an immediate danger; everywhere one reaction contradicts another. France is fighting in Indo-China—without making clear what precise purpose it pursues or by what means it hopes to continue pursuing it. Meanwhile Great Britain recognizes Mao Tse-tung. In the United States both labor and management want to keep out foreign goods. In Germany public opinion is veering toward "neutrality," and General MacArthur suggests that Japan make the same choice. France and Italy are being sent items of military equipment that would be almost useless in a future war. Great Britain refuses to enter an "integrated" Europe and falls back on the Commonwealth. France refuses to join in a union with Germany for fear of being dominated. The Italian government uses strong-arm methods to combat the growing influence of the Communists. Franco gets more and more help. We arm Tito. We break off trade relations with eastern Europe. German industry makes clandestine contracts with eastern Europe. One could proceed indefinitely.

We face the realities of the world situation in a state of complete confusion. It becomes increasingly apparent that if this continues for long the Soviet world can win the global civil war without having to take up arms. In particular, the way in which the question of rearming Germany has been suddenly brought up—and the confused manner in which it has been debated—furnishes the most striking example of the total lack of clearness and method that characterizes our West.



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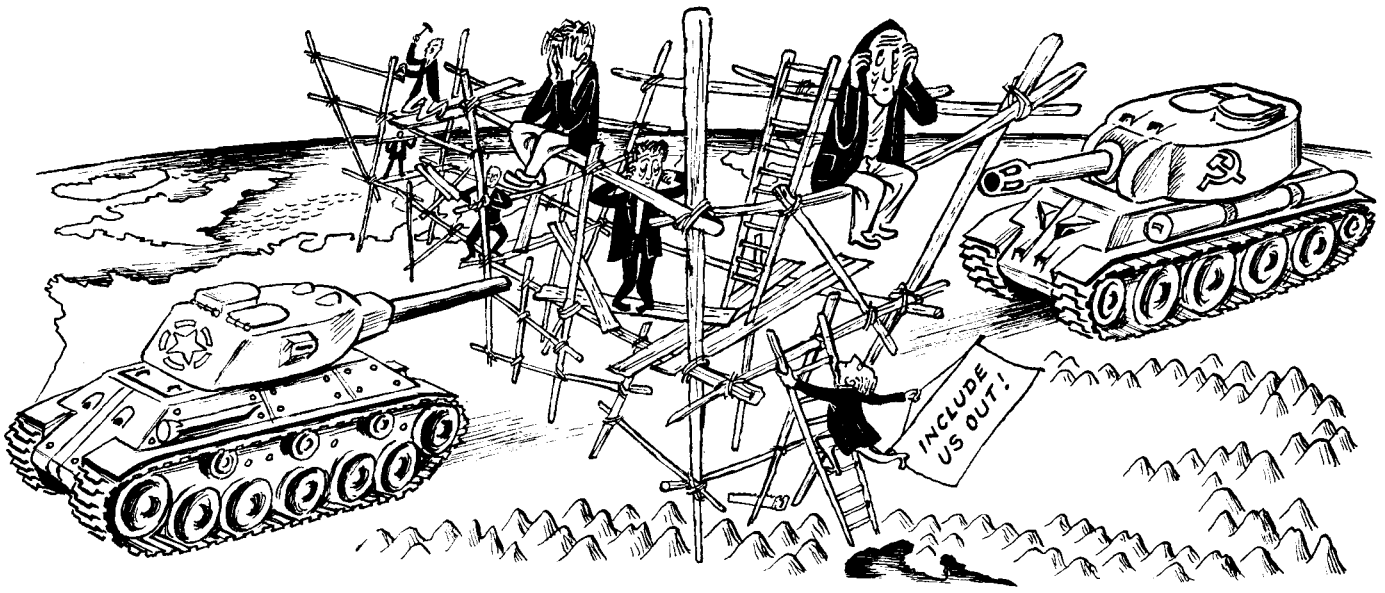

Yet as the editorial in the May 9 issue of *The Reporter* put it: "The attack can be thrown back once and forever only if we make the texture of our society more compact, the role of intelligence more deliberate, the discussion of issues more open." In other words, we must now create an Atlantic Community capable both of clearly defining its political principles and of making long-term plans for stabilizing its economy and assuring its security, but in such a way that the pursuit of one aim does not automatically preclude the other.

As seen by a European the present state of Atlantic co-operation promises almost exactly opposite results. That state can be briefly described.

What we see at first is an extraordinary number of committees filled with Cabinet Ministers: the Council of Ministers of the OEEC, the Committee of the Ministers of the Strasbourg Assembly, the Committee of Ministers of the Brussels Treaty; the Committees of Foreign Ministers, Defense Ministers, and Finance Ministers of the Atlantic Pact nations; and finally, the Council of Foreign Ministers of Great Britain, France, and the United States.

These committees have no liaison system and no established hierarchy; each deals with its own specialty; none deals with over-all problems or has any co-ordinating power. Furthermore, on all of them the United States—like Portugal or Denmark—has one vote. The committees meet for a day or so, twice or three times a year, to produce no more than vague and encouraging statements. This situation is so obviously childish and unreal that the average European is led to conclude that the whole apparatus exists merely to conceal the fact that the nations of western Europe are being "satellitized" by the United States. This unfortunate impression is heightened because all real problems are dealt with on a bilateral basis directly between Washington and the European capitals concerned, entirely by-passing the committee system. Examples of this are numerous enough: for instance, the sterling crisis, the Indo-China problem, and German economic questions. After all, how can things be managed differently when none of the committees are permanent, and when the representative of the United States —the obviously dominant power—has only one vote out of twelve or eighteen? The committee system as it stands is patently ridiculous.

The second point a European would emphasize is this: that the West never makes any but short-range plans, and that these are always made in direct reaction to the decisions and the acts of the Kremlin. This indicates, on one hand, that the western community of nations has no constructive political doctrine of its own, and, on the other, that we are preparing for war in the very near future. For if we thought that the cold war would persist for ten or fifteen years, our plan would be very different. We would give priority to the organization of permanent Atlantic economic stability.

Summing up, this is approximately what the average European thinks about the present state of affairs:

First, that America has satellitized Europe because of America's monopoly of political power.

Second, that America's real aim in organizing the Atlantic Community is to prepare its defenses for a war that America judges imminent.

I do not claim that the European impression corresponds to the truth, and personally I do not think it does. I know the United States a little better than do the majority of Europe's statesmen, who, for the most part, have never been in America. I know that America would prefer not to give orders, and that it does not really believe in the "inevitable" war. But what matters is that eighty per cent of non-Communist Europeans are of the state of mind I have described. And it seems very clear that the regrettable psychological atmosphere in which these people live will only be made worse if America—in the midst of a confused debate and without defining either its aims or methods—suggests still another stopgap measure: the rearming of Germany.

It goes without saying that no situation could be more favorable for Communist propaganda. And the rearmament proposals are already being put to good use. The Stalinist "neutrality" campaign is becoming more and more

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effective in France and Italy, as well as in Germany. This campaign is the direct consequence of the two main impressions that I have described as characteristic of the average European's present point of view, particularly the second—that America is preparing for imminent war. The European does not understand why top priority is given to military affairs, for he does not think war is the most pressing danger. Furthermore, he fears that a miscalculated burden of military preparedness will press so heavily upon Europe's economy (and even America's) that the political and social fronts may collapse, and this seems to him the greatest and most immediate of all dangers in this period of global civil war. Finally, his anxiety is greater because the entire strategy of the West seems to him ever less clear.

That is why certain Europeans, through purely emotional instincts, wish that they could get out of the game altogether. It also is why, as a complement to this European tendency toward "pseudo neutrality," there is arising simultaneously in the United States a parallel tendency toward "neo-isolationism." Both reactions have their roots in the same confusion.

How can the West get out of this rut? The problem seems simple enough. All that we need to do is look back over the past ten years and observe how our Atlantic community behaved in the face of even worse difficulties. The conclusion we may draw is this: Every time the goal to be reached was clearly defined, the reaction of western public opinion was so strong and effective that our immense material resources were properly canalized and victory was gained.

The first example of this was the struggle against Nazism. The goal set was unconditional surrender. The instrument of victory was SHAEF—a unified command. The second example is the struggle against poverty and misery in Europe. The instrument of victory has been Marshall aid: ECA. Today these two periods lie in the past, and new perils, from within and without, threaten us. Today as before our material resources are immense; in the long run they are more than enough for victory. What is lacking today is a clear and mutually formulated definition of our aims and principles. No agreement between governments—such as the many that actually exist—can ever be a substitute for the real mobilization of man's conscience, for human solidarity built from the ground up. In such a spiritual agreement lies our real strength.

Fundamentally that is why, through the voice of Premier Georges Bidault, France last month proposed to the other Atlantic nations the creation of an "Atlantic High Council for Peace." This new organization would in no way possess executive powers that would infringe on each nation's sovereignty. Everyone knows that to propose such a supergovernment in the immediate future is wholly unrealistic. But it could be an organization capable of conceiving and elaborating a common policy. It would be in its province to study the demands of military defense along with the demands of economics, and, above all, it would be its function to determine clearly the aims that the Atlantic nations will pursue and the methods they intend to employ. The immediate objective should be to furnish answers to these questions: What comes after the Marshall Plan? How can we apply most effectively the combined military budgets of the Atlantic nations? How should Germany be integrated with the West? What common policy can be brought to bear on the Far East situation?

The "High Council" would resemble the "General Staff for Peace" proposed by Mr. Bernard Baruch; it would be something like the post-ECA commission proposed by Senator Vandenberg. But instead of being entirely American, it would be Atlantic. And in order to show as concretely as possible its true Atlantic character, its membership should be composed equally of Americans and Europeans. Its members should have acknowledged stature. They should be men like David Lilienthal and Paul Hoffman, the Frenchman Jean Monnet, the Briton Sir Oliver Franks, and the Norwegian Halvard Lange.

Of course this new form of Atlantic co-operation would imply Europe's right to share in policymaking, but it would imply also Europe's duty to share in the material effort which up till now America has carried on alone. This is something that Europe wants far more than is generally understood in the United States. In exchange for full political partnership, Europe is more than ready to make a proportional effort in building up the common pool of military and economic resources. Today Europe's production levels have again become as high as they were in the best prewar years. Europe's military budgets are not out of line with America's. Europe's experience in a great many techniques and organizations is of very high value. Europe's potential can be placed at the service of the common cause, as soon as that cause and the techniques that serve it have been established by common consent.

This fair distribution of the material sacrifices that will have to be made—together with a fair distribution of political responsibility—is the only basis for co-operation that conforms to our democratic principles. In the final analysis, it is the only one that can ultimately bear fruit.

When the French Premier made his proposal I was in Europe, and the great mass of misunderstanding about American policy that weighs so heavily over there amply proved, it seemed to me, the need for a new organization that would be common to all Atlantic states and would be effective politically. Now that I have been able to see in the United States that there is a similar misunderstanding in regard to Europe, the need for such an organization seems far more urgent. I believe that the difficulties that seem so great today can be made simple and can be overcome if we make that minimum and essential effort which consists in getting together to define them. The problem of German rearmament, for instance, which after all is only one aspect of total strategy, would be infinitely less dangerous were it possible to debate it openly before an Atlantic organization that could render account to public opinion. For then one would hear the real terms of the argument and the answers to them. The conclusion might be that German rearmament is unnecessary; or that it is desirable. In either case, the Atlantic Council would state publicly the reasons why.

Today as in the past, nothing is impossible for our community—on the condition that our community is really made to exist.

—JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

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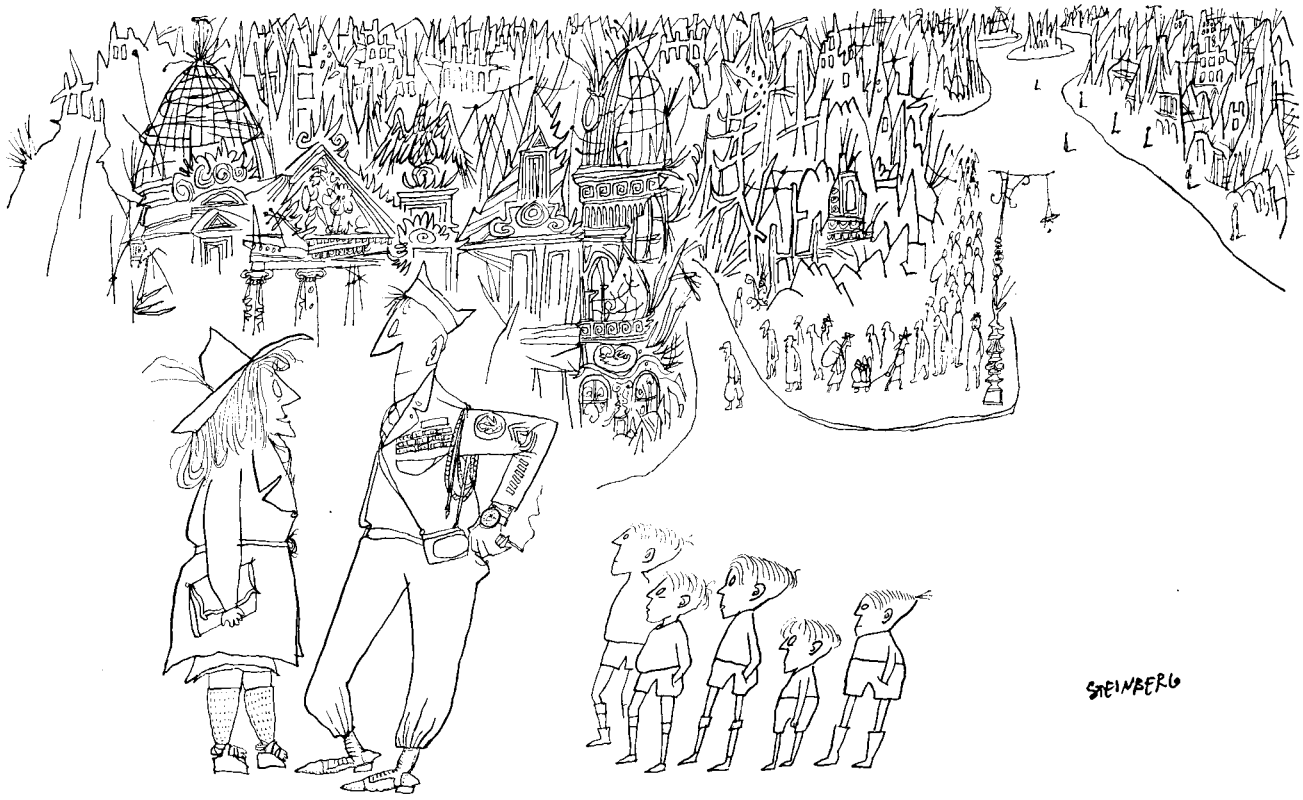
Four views of German rearmament

Where Bevin and Churchill Clash

The debate as to whether Germany should be rearmed is one of the most bitter and upsetting in the West. Many military and political leaders insist the West needs German divisions; millions of Europeans dread a new Wehrmacht. In the following pages, four Reporter *contributors consider the question from the viewpoints of four of the nations most closely concerned—Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and Germany itself.*

"All of us are against it. I repeat, all of us are against it. It is a frightful decision to take." It was a very sick man who spoke those words on March 28, at the end of a long and exhausting debate in the House of Commons on the future of Germany. Some of us who sat listening to him knew that Ernest Bevin, on his way to the debating chamber from his private room, had had to pause every twenty yards and clutch the oak paneling for support as he gasped for breath. In order to remain upright while facing Mr. Churchill, he had to rest his stomach on the table which divides the two front benches. His notes shook in his hands, and his face had a deathly yellow pallor. But, whatever else he may be, Ernest Bevin is a man of elephantine courage, and on that night he was determined to answer Winston Churchill, even if he died on the job. As he flopped down on the bench and wiped his neck, he received from his own side of the House the loudest applause he has known since he went to the Foreign Office in August, 1945.

This applause was not merely an expression of sympathy and relief. It was due to a profound satisfaction among



Steinberg on the occupation: waiting for the cigarette butt

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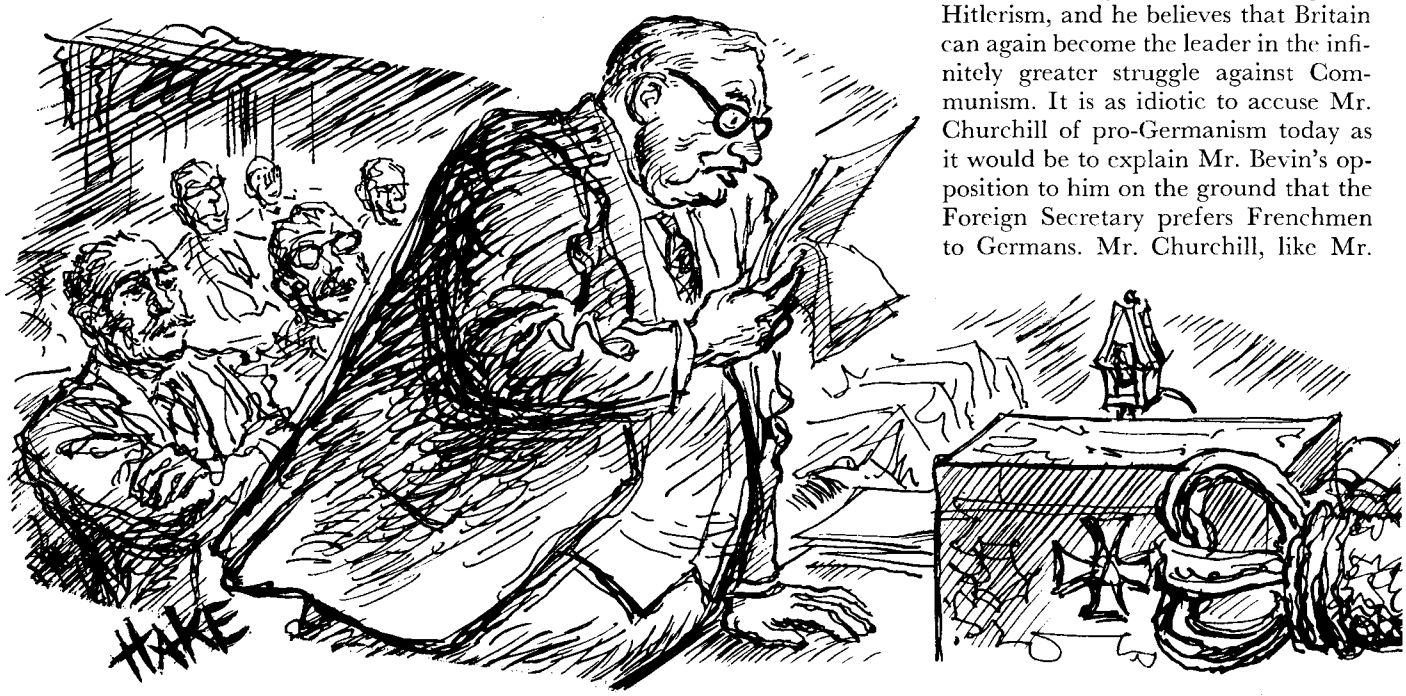
his supporters that, for the first time, Labour's Foreign Secretary had said "No" to the Leader of the Opposition on a vital issue of foreign policy.

That issue was, of course, the rearmament of Germany. Some American observers were surprised that the break in Britain's bipartisan foreign policy should have come just here. No one, not even Mr. Churchill, has fought more tenaciously than Ernest Bevin for the Anglo-American alliance, for Western Union, and for the Atlantic Pact. In the winter of 1945, when men like Anthony Eden and Mr. Byrnes still believed that Russia could be humored into co-operation by concessions, Bevin braved the anger of his own backbenchers—myself included—by the blunt assertion that the eastern bloc must be confronted with a western bloc. In his own massive trade-union style, he was the prime mover in promoting the idea—now a commonplace—that a third world war cannot be averted by conferences and concessions, but only by a deliberate redressing of the world balance of power. "Timing," he once said to me, "timing, my boy, is the secret. I learned that in industrial negotiations. It's no good trying to settle when the union has no money and the members are scared of losing their jobs. You must wait patiently. You must watch the employer's bank account, and strike when *he* has to settle." When at San Francisco Mr. Acheson talked of negotiating from positions of strength, he was only repeating in diplomatic language the wisdom of the tough old English trade-unionist.

Why, then, has Ernest Bevin repudiated with such passionate emotion Mr. Churchill's proposal that Germany should participate in the defense program of Western Union? Militarily, Mr. Churchill has an overwhelming case. At present the Western Union nations can muster at the very most fifteen divisions, and, even with American supplies, the equipment and maintenance of these fifteen divisions is probably beyond the economic power of the Brussels signatories. To retreat from western Germany in the event of war would be strategic suicide; to try to hold it against the Russians with American, French, and British occupation troops would turn the Germans against us and make defeat a certainty. This, no doubt, is why Field Marshal Montgomery is so outspoken in his demand that German divisions be equipped at once.

But Mr. Churchill does not rely only on military arguments. In his speeches at Fulton, Zürich, and, most recently, in the House of Commons, he has unfolded a great political design. Western civilization, he argues, must be defended by an Anglo-American alliance, which links the Americas with the British Commonwealth on a world-wide basis; by a Franco-German entente, without which there can be no Western Union; and by Britain's playing a dual role—first, as a European power, holding the Franco-German balance, so that western Germany does not become the dominant nation in western Europe; and, secondly, as a world power which forms the link between the New World and the Old. In order to appreciate Mr. Churchill's position, it must be realized that it is only within this vast Atlantic framework that he sees it possible or desirable to treat the western Germans, in his own words, as "comrades-in-arms." Indeed, while Mr. Bevin was speaking on March 28, Churchill interrupted him to deny that he had ever proposed the "rearmament of Germany." Half a dozen German divisions, he argued, forming part of an integrated European Army and equipped from the American arsenal, would willy-nilly be Europeans, and not the nucleus of a revived German militarism.

No one, least of all an Englishman, would deny the grandeur of this project, which makes Britain the pivot not merely of western European defense but of the economic and political structure of a revived and revitalized western world. Mr. Churchill is not merely the greatest orator of our time; he is also one of its most romantic and consistent dreamers, and every speech he makes reflects his determination to regain for Britain the central position in western diplomacy and western strategy which it held under his leadership in 1940. He will never forget that, through his tenacity and farsightedness, Britain became the architect of the grand alliance against Hitlerism, and he believes that Britain can again become the leader in the infinitely greater struggle against Communism. It is as idiotic to accuse Mr. Churchill of pro-Germanism today as it would be to explain Mr. Bevin's opposition to him on the ground that the Foreign Secretary prefers Frenchmen to Germans. Mr. Churchill, like Mr.



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Bevin, is first an insular Englishman and secondly an Anglo-American, and the role each of them allots to western Germany is designed exclusively to serve the interests of Britain and of the Anglo-American alliance. Indeed, it is precisely this agreement on the basic aims of British policy which makes the controversy between them of such absorbing interest.

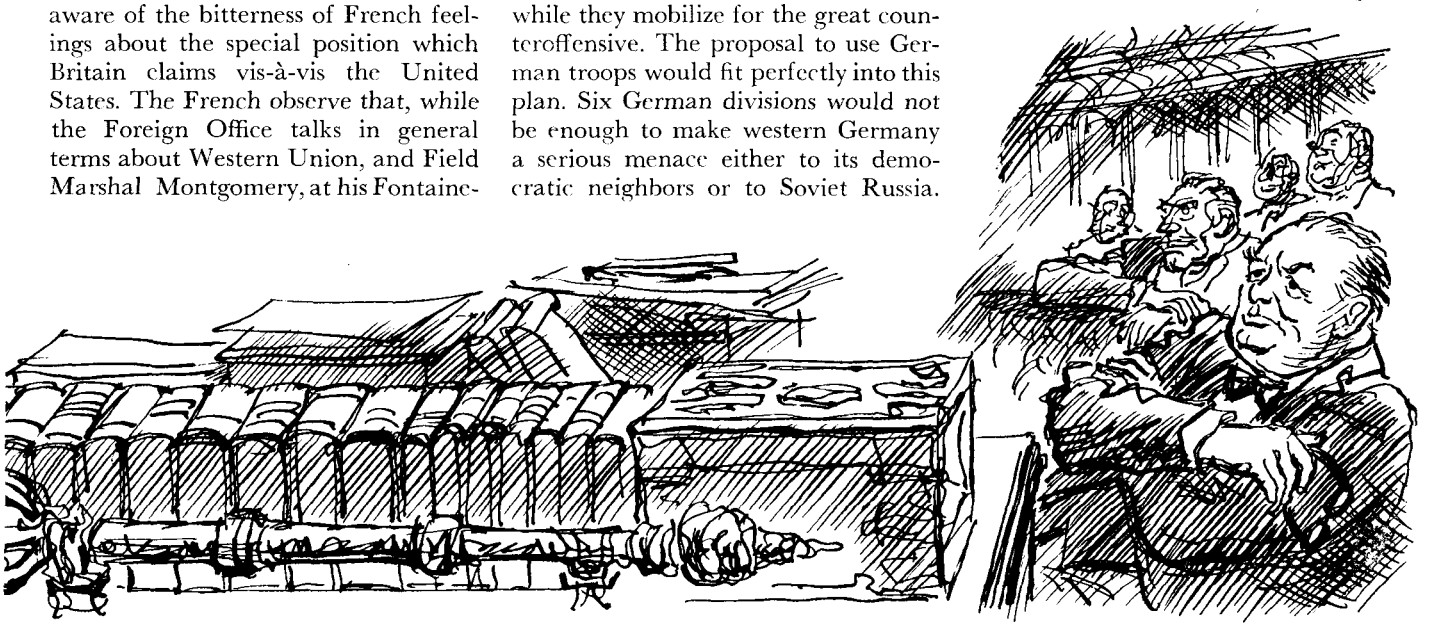
What, then, is the precise point on which the two men differ? Mr. Bevin knows even better than Mr. Churchill the military argument for the use of German troops, and he is probably aware that, sooner or later, the United States will officially adopt Mr. Churchill's policy and begin to press it upon the British and French governments. Some of Mr. Bevin's confidants believe that his objection is mainly to the timing of Mr. Churchill's proposal. The French government, they say, must be brought along slowly. Though responsible persons in the Quai d'Orsay and in the French Ministry of Defense realize that the Germans will eventually be brought into the Western Union defense plans, uninformed French opinion is still appalled by the prospect; and any premature pressure by Britain or America would merely strengthen the French Communists by enabling them to pose as the party of patriotic resistance to German militarism.

I have no doubt that it was this line of thought that explained the peculiar emphasis with which Mr. Bevin rebuffed Mr. Churchill. The Foreign Secretary is only too well aware of the bitterness of French feelings about the special position which Britain claims vis-à-vis the United States. The French observe that, while the Foreign Office talks in general terms about Western Union, and Field Marshal Montgomery, at his Fontainebleau château, prepares paper plans for British participation in its defense, Britain has so far been very careful to accept no commitment which encroaches either on its national sovereignty or on its freedom to make its own special terms with the United States. To a Frenchman, any British proposal to rearm Germany would come as a final confirmation of the fear that Britain, as an island in the Atlantic, is still resolved to let others provide the land armies for Europe's defense. The availability of six German divisions might well enable Britain to contribute only to the air and sea defenses of Western Union, and to argue successfully that its land forces would be better used in the Middle East and in Commonwealth defense. The French have never forgotten either the pitiful size and equipment of the British Expeditionary Forces in 1914 and 1939, or Mr. Churchill's refusal in 1940 to throw all of the metropolitan R.A.F. into the Battle of France.

These suspicions, as Mr. Bevin well knows, apply with even greater force to Anglo-American strategy. Britain, at least, might be brought to realize that in an age of rockets and guided missiles, its frontier is not on the Channel but halfway across Europe. But for an American planner, a strategy which writes off all of Europe except Britain and Spain has obvious temptations. The French are therefore in constant fear that, whatever paper plans for Atlantic defense may be drawn up, the real intention of the Anglo-Saxons is to rely on a delaying action in western Germany and France, while they mobilize for the great counteroffensive. The proposal to use German troops would fit perfectly into this plan. Six German divisions would not be enough to make western Germany a serious menace either to its democratic neighbors or to Soviet Russia. But, together with the French Army, they might be sufficiently strong to win time for the defense of the British Commonwealth and the Americas.

Mr. Bevin knows that these French fears must be allayed at all costs. One way of doing so would be for Britain to make Western Union a political and economic reality. As a member of a western European federal state, Britain would become a continental power and be automatically bound to take its full share in the defense of the union. But Mr. Bevin is as obstinately determined as Mr. Churchill to prevent any surrender of British sovereignty, even if this means irritating Mr. Hoffman and curtailing Marshall aid. When this obvious method of reassuring France is ruled out, what remains? In Mr. Bevin's view, there is only one solution. A Britain which, for reasons of national self-interest, is opposing French aspirations for political union must at least accept France's standpoint on Germany—whatever its drawbacks. If it fails to do so, and instead accepts what the French regard as the sentimental American attitude toward Germany, then the very basis of Franco-British understanding will be threatened.

There is another closely connected reason for Mr. Bevin's apparent anti-Germanism. If German troops are to be used for the defense of western Europe, the Germans will certainly not be prepared to be treated as "second-class citizens." They will have to become full and equal members of Western Union, and this will involve the signa-



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ture of a peace treaty with the Bonn government and the end of Allied occupation. But then what happens to the American occupation army? Mr. Bevin certainly shares the French suspicion that America's "soft" attitude toward western Germany may be partly due to a desire to cut an expensive economic and military commitment.

Here we come to the nub of the problem. The main military deterrent to a Russian invasion of western Europe is not the size and extent of the European armies, but the knowledge in Moscow that any move into western Europe would involve war with the U.S.A. Today, and for many years to come, the military defense of Europe is the strength of a great power three thousand miles away across the Atlantic. This gives to the American forces in western Germany a strategic importance which far exceeds their actual strength. They are a token force, so disposed that the Red Army would be involved in fighting with U.S. troops in the first hours of hostilities. For the purpose of deterring the Russians and preventing war, a weak American occupation force in western Germany is worth any number of German divisions. Any move, therefore, to make western Germans "comrades-in-arms" involves the risk that the most powerful deterrent against Russian aggression, the American army of occupation would be removed.

Mr. Churchill no doubt hopes that he could persuade the United States to maintain a standing army in Europe, even after the signature of a peace treaty with western Germany. Mr. Bevin, who bears the actual responsibility, is naturally more cautious. He knows the difficulty he has in persuading his own colleagues in London to retain peacetime conscription and to contribute British divisions to the defense of Europe. He believes—in my opinion, rightly—that it would be even more difficult to persuade Congress to accept a similar peacetime commitment, once the necessity for an occupation force had been removed.

But, beyond these controversies about military and diplomatic expediency, there remains one issue of principle which divides Mr. Churchill and Mr. Bevin. Mr. Churchill is a man of war. He sees the crisis of the 1950's as a repetition of that of the 1930's. Once again Britain is confronted with an enemy—dynamic, aggressive, unappeasable. With Russian Communism, as with German Nazism, there can be no settlement; only a massing of force against force. If the force of the western democracies is massed in sufficient strength and within the necessary time limit, victory may come without a shooting war. In that case, the Russians, yielding to *force majeure,* would withdraw from eastern Germany, and Europe would be saved. But if they will not withdraw peaceably, then sooner or later the war must come. In either case, in Mr. Churchill's calculation, what matters in the next five years is the mobilization of the largest military force, and for this purpose the western Germans cannot be excluded.

Despite his fervent hatred of Communism — which, as a trade-union leader, he has known at much closer quarters than Mr. Churchill—the Foreign Secretary has always resolutely refused to accept this fatalistic view. It is highly significant that, in replying to Mr. Churchill on March 28, he described the Fulton speech as a doctrine of "preventive war," and, when Mr.

Churchill protested, Mr. Bevin added, "Preventive action, shall I say, before war has developed." Then, despite loud cries from the Tory benches, he went on, "I have listened all day, and now the Honourable Members must listen to me. We then go to Russia and we propose to discuss matters with them, with Germany, armed by us, on our hands. I suggest that handling Europe in that way . . . will not produce the desired result."

In these typically clumsy and clotted phrases, Ernest Bevin revealed the real issue on which British bipartisan foreign policy has split. Rightly or wrongly, the Foreign Secretary has refused to accept the sharp dilemma of victory or defeat. He believes that, though the immediate prospects are bleak, the possibility of a peaceful settlement with Russia must never be excluded; nothing, therefore, must be done by the western powers which would make the present partition of Germany irrevocable.

But this is just what the rearmament of western Germany would do. To sign a peace treaty with the Bonn government would mean accepting the present zonal frontier line as something which could be changed only by an act of war. To end the military occupation and organize a German contribution to Western Union defense would be tantamount to demanding unconditional surrender of the Soviet Union.

It is easy enough to accuse Mr. Bevin of appeasement and to applaud Mr. Churchill's "realism." But I doubt whether any British or French government could accept this "realism" as the basis of its policy. After all, the addition of a few German divisions—even if we assume that the United States could be persuaded to keep a standing army in Germany after the occupation ended—would not fundamentally change the balance of military power, while it would gravely increase the risk of war. But let us go one stage further with Mr. Churchill. Let us assume that the rearmament of Germany did not precipitate a preventive move by the Red Army—what then? Having removed the chances of a peaceful settlement, we should be faced with a permanent East-West stalemate. Already, when rearmament has scarcely begun, its burden is sufficiently heavy to remove any hope that western Europe could exist without American aid, except on a steadily declining standard of living. Western Union is no more natural a unit than western Germany. Both are truncated organisms, and they are no healthier when one is grafted onto the other. Indeed, western Germany—with nine million refugees and a pitiable standard of living, and cut off from its natural markets in central and eastern Europe —can only survive by cutthroat com-

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petition in Britain's world markets. And the first thing the western Germans are bound to do if they become full members of the Council of Europe is to use their bargaining power in order to regain the lost provinces of eastern Germany. To say this is not to accuse the Germans of aggressive designs, but to state an indisputable fact. No people will voluntarily accept the partition of its country or the uprooting of its population.

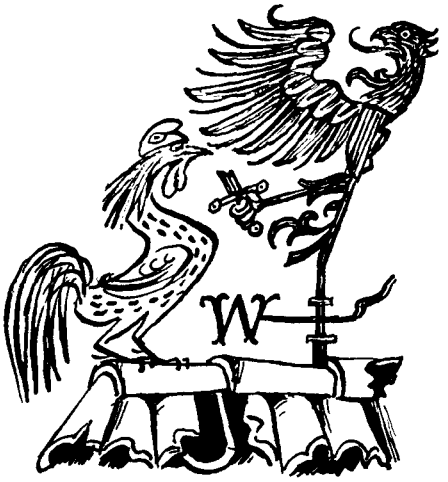
These are some of the reasons why Mr. Bevin is unwilling to exclude the possibility of a negotiated settlement of the German problem. If Mr. Churchill is the better strategist of the two, Mr. Bevin knows a great deal more about economics and the psychology of the common man. Europe will slip into a fatalism from which only Communism could profit unless Europeans are given a hope of ultimate peace; and if western Germany is not to revert to aggressive chauvinism, the door must be left open for a peace treaty, signed by the four great powers, under which Germany can be reunited without becoming a threat to peace. Mr. Bevin realizes that the prospects of such a treaty are remote. The West must make itself a great deal stronger and more stable economically before the Russians give up their theory that, when the great American slump precipitates a crisis throughout the western world, Europe will fall like a rotten apple into their lap. Western Union may be a makeshift, but it must be made to work before the Kremlin will even consider a return to the principles of Potsdam.

On all this—and it may well be the main agenda of polititics for the next decade—Mr. Bevin and Mr. Churchill agree. Their disagreement springs from a fundamental difference of approach. Mr. Churchill sees himself as the architect of a grand alliance, with the collapse of Communism as its single aim, whereas Mr. Bevin wants to build up western power in order to negotiate from positions of strength and achieve a peace settlement between West and East. If Mr. Bevin has his way, and western Germany is kept occupied and disarmed, Europe would be overrun rather more speedily in the event of war. But if Mr. Churchill's view prevails, we have to give up hope of peace.

—R. H. S. Crossman

France

Yes, No, and Maybe



Outside France, the French attitude toward Germany is given such a simplified interpretation that it almost amounts to a caricature: For the French, Germany is still the hereditary enemy, and the French remain, today as in the past, prisoners of a "security complex," with their neighbor across the Rhine continuing to represent the sole menace.

However, I believe, for my part, that the French are less hostile to the idea of a reconciliation with Germany now than they were on the morrow of the last war, because they sense, more or less confusedly, that their quarrel with Germany belongs to the past. The Rhine no longer divides two great powers battling for hegemony over the old continent, but two second-rate nations, destined to share a common fate in the event of defeat in war.

But, one will say, if this unpleasant proposition is recognized, why hasn't the tone of the press and of official discussions changed? Why do anti-German diatribes crop up at the slightest excuse? There are several reasons. The new situation is more or less clearly understood by the intelligence, but French emotions have not been as quick to change. The Communists are not unaware of the strength of the anti-German prejudices, and they nourish this hatred of the past to give their activities a patriotic camouflage. The other parties fear being outdone; they are afraid to give the Communists a monopoly on a propaganda theme that they believe is popular. The Communists have forced the other parties to pretend that they are more anti-German than they really are.

This is particularly true of French polemics about the rearming of Germany. There is no lack, in political and military circles, of supporters of German rearmament. Recently some French and German parliamentarians and journalists, all supporters of the concept of Western Union, met to discuss frankly the problems dividing the two countries. It was the French who insisted upon the necessity, at least in the future, of a German contribution to European defense, and the Germans who contended that rearmament is impossible, at least at present.

Three attitudes can be distinguished on the matter: The first is that of the Communist Party, which denounces every slight tendency toward a reconciliation with Germany, and especially every tendency toward rearming Germany. It goes without saying that the French Communists would reverse this position if west Germany became a "People's Democracy." Their sole ambition is to prevent *any* organization of the West. By an apparent paradox, certain rightist politicians join the Communists, for entirely different reasons. For them Germany is still the only enemy.

The second attitude is that of the Third Force parties—Socialists, Popular Republicans, Radicals—who are favorable toward a reconciliation with Germany, but believe it should be achieved by stages. In public they declare themselves against rearmament

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of Germany. In private they admit that it may be possible tomorrow—but not today. Within these parties one finds marked differences of opinion.

The third attitude is that of the Gaullists. Outwardly, their attitude is (or has been) the most anti-German. For a long time General de Gaulle seemed hostile even to the idea of a unified Reich. He still often denounces the dangers of the policy now followed, which in his eyes entails the risk of a *rapprochement* between Germany and Russia. On the other hand, de Gaulle in certain speeches has called for collaboration of the two peoples, and there is no doubt that among the Gaullists one finds both the most and the least anti-German French. The Gaullists say, "First let France become strong again, and then will come agreement with Germany, within the framework of Europe."

French politicians of all camps are far from convinced that the present division of Germany is final. One day, they think, negotiations will be held between Washington and Moscow, or between Bonn and Berlin, over re-establishment of German unity. How will the Germany of the future orient itself? Will it not inevitably look toward eastern Europe, traditionally the open zone for its economic expansion, where it sold its machinery and bought a part of the foodstuffs and raw materials it lacked? If sovereignty and arms are now given to western Germany, what means of pressure could the West retain to prevent an alliance of Russia and Germany, and to ensure that the new German unity would not be achieved at the expense of endangering peace?

So when outsiders say, as they often do, "Yes, we must rearm Germany, but the French, prisoners of the past, will not consent," they are simplifying the problem, and throwing upon others the responsibilities that are shared by all the partners of the Atlantic alliance. The rearmament of Germany must be a part of a total policy.

What policy regarding Germany makes rearmament morally conceivable and materially possible? The answer is obvious to me: a frank and resolved policy of reconciliation between France and Germany, between the West and Germany. Germany would recover its sovereignty and be accepted as an equal partner in the European community. We would not renounce the possibility of some day re-establishing unity of what was the Reich; we would on the contrary proclaim the right of the Germans in the western zones to decide their future freely, in free elections. We would support the campaign against the pseudo-popular East German "People's Democracy," but would place confidence in the Bonn government to conduct the eventual negotiations (though without renouncing our right to participate).

In short, we would not be rearming a satellite government or raising mercenaries, but would be rearming an ally. The question which not only France but all the western countries must answer is: Do we or do we not want to make Germany an ally? If we say "No," if we cite the persistence of nationalist sentiment in Germany, the number of Nazis who occupy important posts, the frailty of democratic institutions—and all these arguments contain elements of truth—then why hold forth upon the subject of German rearmament? The argument remains that one can re-educate a criminal, but not by giving him firearms.

Suppose that the West should choose the policy of alliance—should we take the risk of rearmament? Or should we bow to the fear of a violent reaction by Soviet Russia? After all, the establishment of a People's Police in the eastern zone offers in advance a valid justification for the first stages of a western rearmament. But let us have no illusions. Western Germany is in no position to provide an army of any importance in two years. Rearmament of Germany would not put an end to the weakness of western Europe immediately. The only difference is that it offers the means of ending it in several years.

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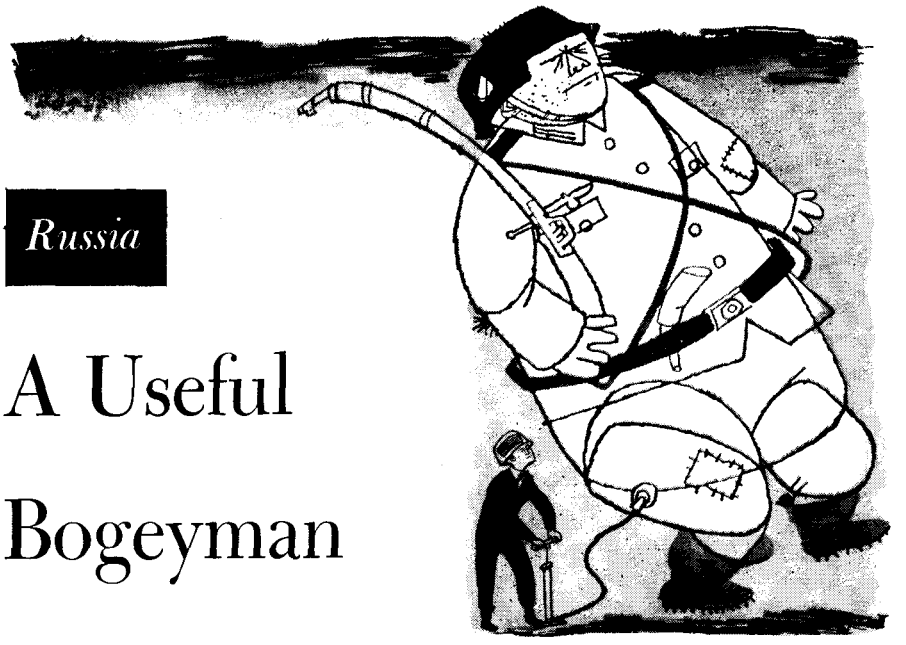
I fear that the American reader will be annoyed by so many question marks, so many conditions. I fear he will draw a discouraging conclusion from them. What can one do in Europe if each reasonable proposition raises a world of problems, prejudices, and criticisms? I must answer that unfortunately nothing is simple in Europe, and that the fault lies not only with the old continent and with its tumultuous past. By accepting the division of Europe, the agreements at Yalta and Potsdam created a situation as difficult to maintain as to change; they added to the problems inherited from previous centuries a present problem almost insoluble, that of a continent cut in two by the Iron Curtain: The Russian Army is within 115 miles of the Rhine, and there are two Germanies, for the moment as incapable of reuniting as of living apart.

But complexity does not imply confusion or equivocation. If there had to be a land battle against the Russian Army, the European armies would not be of sufficient size to resist unless they included German divisions as well as French, British, Belgian, and Dutch land forces.

Is the majority of French opinion favorable to German rearmament? Certainly not, but neither is it definitively and unanimously hostile. Everything depends on the total policy adopted by the West. There are more men in France than one would think, in all the parties, who would hasten the liquidation of the historic conflict between France and Germany. Conceived as one element in a policy of European unification, the rearmament of Germany would cease to be unacceptable to the enlightened fraction of French opinion.

But I do not see that anyone in Washington, London, or Paris has the courage to lead in such a resolute policy, or even to recommend it. It is probable that we shall continue to talk of German rearmament, and to invoke French opposition as the reason for not undertaking it. Too often, alas, in coalitions of democracies, the errors are compounded rather than compensatory. The prejudices of one ally serve as an alibi for the impotence of the other. Yet never has the peril been so evident: The West will not survive save by force and union.—RAYMOND ARON



Russia

A Useful Bogeyman

Soviet strategists probably view the rearmament of western Germany with equanimity, if not with irony. A west German army could, for a number of years, constitute only a very feeble threat to Russia. To the West, on the other hand, its disadvantages might well outweigh its advantages.

The rearmament of western Germany would not significantly alter the balance of military strength in Europe and turn it against Russia. Of this the Soviet General Staff is certainly aware; a simple calculation of the manpower reserves available in western Germany would be enough to demonstrate it.

The population of western Germany is not much more than forty-five million. Of this over one-fifth are "displaced persons," mostly old people, women, and children, refugees from the eastern marches of the old Reich. The census of 1946 showed 4.3 million more females than males in the three western zones. Moreover, the male population includes vast numbers of cripples and invalids. On top of all this, the fall in the German birth rate which took place during and after the war has left gaps which will not be filled for about twenty years. The military "yield" of western Germany, for many years to come, will be equivalent to that of a nation of twenty-five or thirty million.

The gaps in Soviet manpower are, of course, also enormous. But Russia is recuperating much more quickly than its former enemy, and despite its wartime losses, has an undeniable military preponderance over western Europe, with or without western Germany. From the Russian viewpoint, a revived Wehrmacht, operating between the Elbe and the Rhine, would have little more than nuisance value.

The makers of Soviet strategy must therefore see in western suggestions for the rearming of Germany an attempt to solve a new strategic problem in terms of an outdated conception. Should western Germany nevertheless be rearmed and included in the Atlantic bloc, Russia would counter by overtly arming eastern Germany. The object would not be to increase Soviet military strength directly—the east German "potential" per se is negligible—but to paralyze morally and politically the west German Wehrmacht. The mere existence of an east German army would throw confusion and hesitation into the ranks of its west German counterpart.

It may be doubted whether the Kremlin would counter the revival of a west German Wehrmacht with any *military* move more drastic than this. The Kremlin need feel no alarm as long as only western European manpower is mobilized against it. What it fears is American manpower, as well as American war industry. Only the presence of a vast American and British expeditionary force in Europe would spell mortal danger to Russia. It may be taken for granted that any sign that

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the United States and Britain might expand their army establishments causes incomparably greater uneasiness in the Soviet General Staff than all the noise about German rearmament. It is also logical to assume that the Soviets would make their supreme strategic exertion only to forestall the reappearance of big American and British forces in Europe. The beginning of large-scale shipments of troops across the Atlantic might be the signal for the Soviet Commander in Chief to issue his marching orders.

Unwelcome as it would be in some respects, the rearmament of western Germany might even offer Moscow new opportunities for diplomatic maneuvering. Disarmed, western Germany is at the mercy of the occupying powers. Rearmed, it might be able to play its own game. It might start to negotiate, to blackmail, and to strike bargains; and it might strike bargains with Russia as well as with the West.

More important still, Moscow anticipates that every stage in Germany's rearmament will lead to dissension and discord in western Europe. Although German rearmament will cause no decisive shift of power between East and West, it will upset the present alignment of western Europe. From the Russian viewpoint, a rump Wehrmacht may be a mere pawn on the chessboard; but such a force would loom much larger in French and Belgian eyes. And even if Germany's western neighbors were to feel that they had nothing immediate to fear from a new German army, its mere existence would make for troubled waters and good fishing for Russia.

The Kremlin probably also views calmly the other proposals for German rearmament that have cropped up here and there, according to which Germany's industry, but not its manpower, would be harnessed by the Atlantic bloc. This again proves no answer to the fundamental disequilibrium between the Soviet bloc and western Europe. "If war comes," the Russians must think, "the revived armament industries of the Ruhr would be within our reach. The more strongly they have been built up and expanded, the greater their value for our war machine, once we are in possession." If war does not come, the economic strain of rearmament may disorganize western Germany, or western Europe at large, more effectively than the Cominform could ever do.

Moscow seems confident that western Europe is militarily eclipsed, with or without Germany, and that it will remain so in the foreseeable future. This does not mean, however, that the Kremlin underrates the political and propagandistic importance of the talk about German rearmament. No matter how soberly or cynically the problem may be seen by the Politburo, the propagandists will be instructed to sound the alarm and to give the impression that the threat is much greater than it actually is.

For the Soviet propagandists, talk about a revived Wehrmacht is invaluable. It helps them build up morale at home and bridge the gulf between the government's foreign policy and the popular mood.

It has not been easy for Soviet propagandists to persuade the mass of Soviet citizens that the Politburo's foreign policy has been as prudent and wise as it could be. Many Soviet citizens must sometimes wonder what share of the blame for the present international tension should be laid to Stalin, Molotov, and Vishinsky. It has not been easy for the Soviet people to regard their allies of a few years ago as their enemies of today. The propagandists were at first powerfully assisted by western voices which called for preventive atomic war against Russia. These calls were eagerly translated and drummed into the ears of the Soviet people.

The talk about the rearmament of western Germany to counter Russia has been brought to the notice of the Soviet people with even greater eagerness and emphasis. The propagandists evoke the haunting memories of the recent German invasion, a highly explosive emotional factor that is always present in the background of Soviet diplomacy. In the minds of the Soviet people, Russia's former allies are thus, through their association with the former enemy, definitely becoming Russia's present enemies. From the Kremlin's viewpoint this arousing of popular morale is worth scores of first-rate divisions.

It goes without saying that the specter of a revived Wehrmacht stirs similar feelings throughout eastern Europe, especially Poland and Czechoslovakia: It evokes bitterness against the Atlantic powers even among people who are *hostile* to Russia. The ghost of the Wehrmacht, barely conjured up, is already helping to consolidate the Soviet bloc.

—Isaac Deutscher

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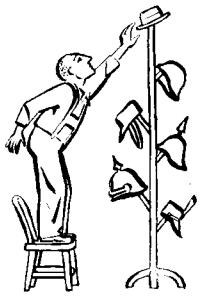
Germany

'Nie Wieder'—'Never Again'



Ask Herr Albrecht Heimdorfer, as he pulls himself down the main street of Bonn, whether he thinks western Germany should have an army. Chances are he will swing around on his metal crutches and draw away abruptly without a reply. If he answers at all, he probably will glare at you, then at the broken buildings behind you, and mutter, *"Nie wieder!"* (Never again!)

Herr Heimdorfer is, of course, prejudiced. He was in a German army that fought its way across Russia to Kharkov. It was there that he lost his leg: a Soviet shell fragment, a young Wehrmacht doctor who had neither time nor training to do anything but amputate. Today Herr Heimdorfer is back home in Bonn, unable to find work, unable to adjust himself to the life of a cripple, disillusioned and bitter.

In recent months, at least three separate surveys have been made to assess public opinion in the western occupation zones on the question of rearmament.

The first was conducted by the British in their zone. They chose to frame their inquiry in a remarkably positive manner. "Would you," they asked, "approve of Germany, under the Atlantic Pact, being invited to form a Wehrmacht within the framework of a European Army?" The question was considered an extremely "loaded" one by both German and American experts; even so, only about *one-half* of the men queried, and *one-third* of the women, answered "Yes."

The second poll was taken by EMNID, a German opinion-research organization, in all three western zones. EMNID phrased its question far more personally: "Would you think it right to become a soldier, or for your son or husband to become a soldier, again?" Nearly *seventy-five per cent* of those approached responded with a flat "No." Only seven per cent gave an unequivocal "Yes"; eleven per cent said they would approve of soldiering under certain conditions. Seven per cent did not answer at all.

A third survey, conducted under auspices which must remain confidential, produced an intermediate result—and probably the most nearly accurate one. It was conducted in the American Zone and in Berlin, and consisted of the simple question: "Should Germany have an army again?" In the zone, *more than sixty per cent* of those polled answered "No," about one-fourth replied "Yes," and the remainder declined comment. Only in western Berlin, where the population lives cheek by jowl with the Russians, did half of those questioned favor the formation of a German Army.

From the composite picture formed by these three surveys, from the testimony that any reporter can amass on his own, from the daily evidence offered by the German press and the German politicians, only one conclusion can be drawn today. It may not conform to the beliefs which the rest of the world has held, but it has become an indisputable fact: The majority of Germans are at present strongly *against* the remilitarization of the divided nation. Opposition may be as bitter and as unqualified as that of Herr Heimdorfer and the millions like him. It may be as equivocal as that of some of the politicians who purport to represent him. Yet opposition predominates. And the evidence indicates that its predominance is on the increase.

That west German political leaders are convinced that their constituents do not favor creation of new armed forces was indicated at the only debate the Bonn Parliament has held on the subject. In January, the Bundestag discussed the statements Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was reported to have made about rearmament, including a demand that west German manpower be included in a European defense force against Russia. During the debate, speaker after speaker—*including* Adenauer—took the platform to declared themselves against formation of a Wehrmacht.

Even those who have been accused of nationalistic excesses, in their assertion of German "rights" in the postwar world, have generally been outspoken in their calls for continued demilitarization. An editorial in the right-wing *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* proclaimed: "It is useless to hide the fact that Germany has still many demands [to make of the Allies] . . . but one demand we do not have, one demand which the overwhelming majority of the German people would reject, is that of the right to wear a uniform, or a steel helmet, again!"

Some of the explanations offered for German unwillingness to bear arms again are based on the coldest *Real-*

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politik. A writer for the conservative *Merkur*, in Munich, recently commented: "Everybody knows that in case of war Germany would be in no man's land; it would be destroyed whether or not we or others would defend it. Contrast Soviet production for war . . . with the one hundred thousand United States soldiers in Europe, who, after having carried out orders to offer delaying action to the Russians, would board their ships. The French, we hear repeatedly, have two divisions. The English, we know, would rather defend their own island and trust that the Channel cannot be crossed. Not America, nor England nor France has hitherto given any real assurances for the military protection of Europe; nor have they declared their readiness to defend German soil effectively. After the experiences of the Wehrmacht and the punishment of its soldiers as criminals, it is quite natural that the German people will be willing to do no more than *pray* for the success of Allied arms."

Western suggestions that the Germans furnish soldiers for a European Army are sometimes rejected with wry humor. "A general [Lucius D. Clay, former U.S. Military Governor in Germany] whom we Germans have reason to remember kindly seems to think we are worthy to become soldiers again, in a limited sense," commented a letter writer to the *Frankfurter Neue Presse*. "Attention, Comrades! I suggest an alternative. Let the Federal German Republic form ten divisions—of military nurses and doctors—as its contribution to European defense. They would have picked up experience on all the battlegrounds of Europe and they could serve without fear of acquiring new war guilt."

Repeatedly and pointedly the Germans insist that the suggestions for their rearmament did not originate within the confines of the Federal Republic. General Omar Bradley, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, is generally considered to have started the ball rolling. His "off-the-record" comments to the National Press Club got on the record and into the German press with truly remarkable rapidity. Those comments, according to the version the Germans choose to believe, stressed the "inevitability" of arming west Germany.

Special indignation is reserved for the proposal that a German Army be created but kept under wraps. The notion may be more or less diplomatically phrased, as it was by Clay, who urged that each nation of Europe contribute its special military skill to a common defense force—the Germans, for example, to furnish infantry. Or it may be as blunt as the proposal of Texas's Representative W. R. Poage that twenty-five divisions of Germans be recruited as mercenaries under the command of U. S. senior officers.

However it is phrased, the Germans want no part of such a scheme. There is, indeed, widespread resentment of the fact that at least six nations—France being the most conspicuous—are now recruiting Germans for professional soldiering at the rate of some two thousand a month.

Not only does the suggestion of a limited, "controlled" army infuriate those Germans who oppose remilitarization altogether; it fails to satisfy even the minority which is today planning, or hoping, for a new Wehrmacht.

"If we are considered sufficiently important to be an ally in European defense," one such planner told the writer flatly, "then we must be treated like an ally. You cannot tell us, 'We need your help, but we don't trust you, and therefore we will decide just how much and what kind of fighting you will be permitted to do.' "

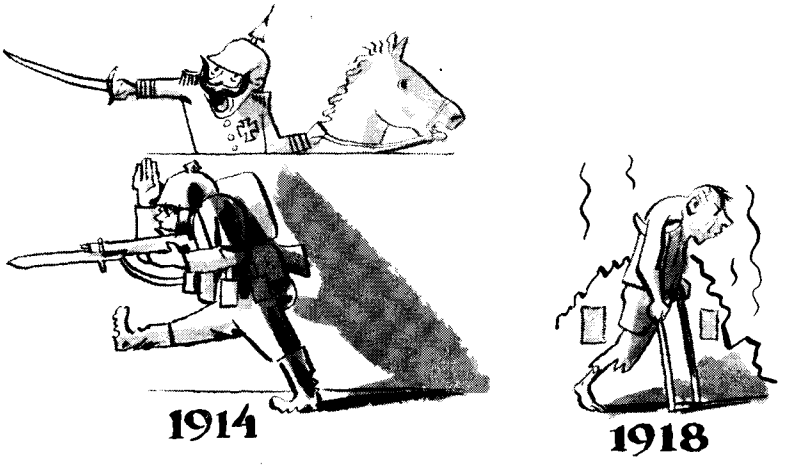
The fact that there are men in Germany who plan the re-establishment of the Fatherland's military might has, properly, been given wide publicity in the western press lately. It would, however, be easy to overestimate the importance and appeal which these men, and the groups they are fostering, really have.

As the public-opinion surveys indicate, not more than one German in every four favors, either actively or passively, the idea of another army. As Allied intelligence reports indicate, the number is declining at a very perceptible rate. However, to many who have met at first hand the menace of German arms, the figure may still seem dangerously high.

Yet, even if the present indications were to prove entirely false, and if the demand for a German Army, through some unforeseeable development, were to find political expression, most observers believe it highly unlikely that any of the presently organized groups of militarists would be able to channel that expression.

Some of the organizations are patently on the lunatic fringe, and their programs are clearly incapable of realization. Others are mere cliques surrounding individual politicians, usually ultranationalists. More important, although their importance has been exaggerated, are organizations of former professional soldiers, which, not surprisingly, are mapping plans to promote their selfish "professional interests."

The most widely publicized, and the most influential, of these shadow organizations is the Brüderschaft, the "Lodge of Brotherhood," whose leading personality is former Lieutenant General Kurt von Manteuffel. The "inner circle" of this group, according to information collected by a German newspaperman, includes not only former staff officers of the crack Grossdeutschland Infantry Division, but also



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men like Gottfried Griesmayer, former director of "education" in the Hitler Youth; and Herren Kaufmann and Lauterbacher, the erstwhile Nazi gauleiters of Hamburg and Hannover.

The Brüderschaft has prepared rudimentary plans for the reconstitution of the German land forces. Originally the plans called for the creation of an infantry division by mid-1950 and an armored corps by mid-1951, but, as the light of publicity was suddenly focused on the organization's activities, its plans became both less specific and less comprehensive. Today the Brüderschaft has limited its objectives to the formation of "a small, independent German armed force" and, in the political realm, the restoration of Germany's pre-Hitler borders.

Which Germans, despite the shattering defeat of their Reich, still want to see it armed again, and what are their motives? Some, of course, are those who have formed conspiratorial organizations like the Brüderschaft: They are the career military men, almost entirely officers and senior noncommissioned officers. Some are ordinary Germans who remember the days of greatness, and feel that only force of German arms can restore those days. Many are the "racial Germans" expelled from the Communist nations of eastern Europe after the war. A few come from the ranks of the jobless, who would rather wear a uniform than pound the pavements in search of work.

To most of that twenty-five per cent who favor it, the reason for re-establishment of a Wehrmacht today can be summed up in one word—security. These people see Soviet legions massed a few miles to the east of their borders. They hear of western allied military weakness. They are told that the strategic plan of the West calls for the abandonment of Germany east of the Rhine.

They feel that the West has refused them guarantees of real protection. To most of those who want to rearm, the only guarantor of German security is an army of their own countrymen. To a sophisticated remainder, a Wehrmacht itself can be no adequate guarantor; but it *can* be a pool of military manpower which the western allies need so badly that they can be forced to pay the Germans a high price—in sovereignty and security—for it.

This concern with security is not difficult to understand. The western Germans know that there already *is* an army in Germany—behind the Soviet Zone border. They are not thinking of the four hundred thousand Soviet troops stationed in the eastern "Democratic German Republic," although the presence of these Russians is hardly conducive to peace of mind. The army to which they refer is German; it consists of the Bereitschaften, the military "alert units" of the east German Communist police.

There are now approximately thirty-six of these Bereitschaften, each the size and approximately the composition of an infantry battalion. Their present strength is some forty-five thousand; by late summer it is scheduled to reach sixty thousand.

Their training is excellent; their armament modern, including heavy automatic weapons; their trainees are selected from the best officers and soldiers of the old Wehrmacht. A British intelligence report compares them to the SS Verfügungstruppen of 1935, which Heinrich Himmler expeditiously regrouped later into murderous Waffen SS divisions.

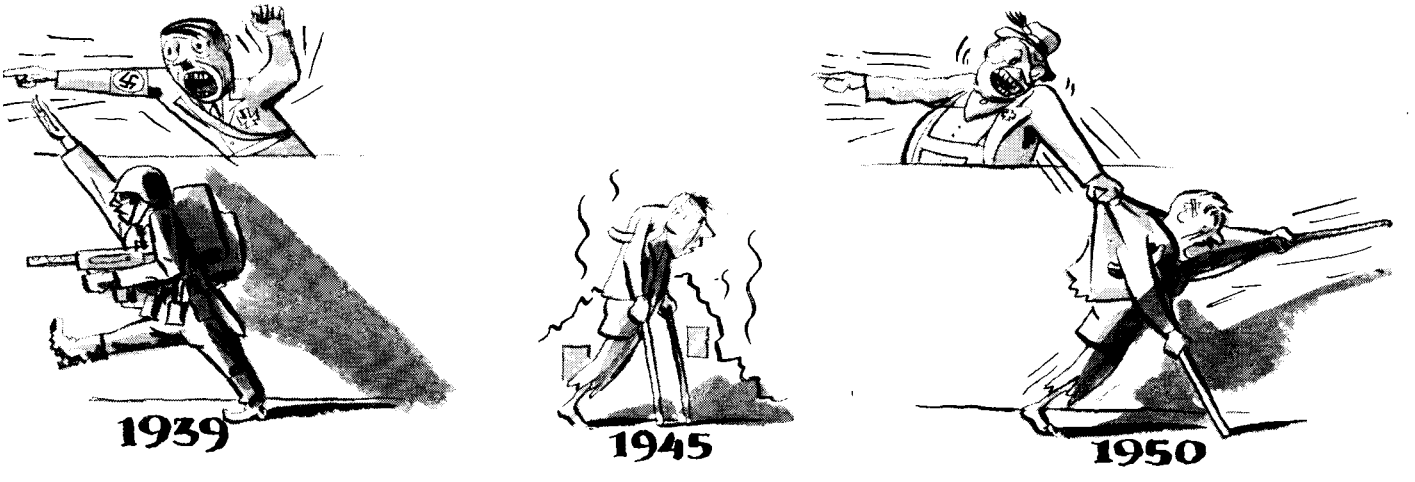
No wonder, then, that the people and politicians of western Germany are deeply concerned about their own safety. The Bereitschaften are only part—though the most deadly part—of an east German police force which numbers two hundred thousand. West Germany, with more than two and a half times the population of the Soviet Zone, has police forces totaling a hundred thousand men. And the western Germans neither think nor desire that the Allied occupation—their protection today—will last forever.

There is thus a very real security problem; one which a quarter of the western Germans would like to solve with their own military establishment.

Significantly, however, it is not this twenty-five per cent of the population which is of deepest concern to United States intelligence agents. What does primarily worry U.S. authorities is that the quest for security has led to a concept of "a plague o' both your houses."

Convinced of the futility of resistance to the Russians—a conviction which has gained in strength since the Communist victory in China and the announcement of the Soviet atomic explosion—a growing number of Germans feel that salvation lies only in proclaiming their "neutrality" in the struggle for power between East and West.

Not only do United States officials maintain that any such concept is a specious one because neutrality is impossible in the struggle between right and wrong, between democracy and dictatorship; they also argue that it is



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a dangerous one, because, if the Germans seek a united, "neutral" Germany there is grave peril that they will maneuver themselves into a position of easy vulnerability to Communist control. The Soviets, these Americans note, pay lip service on occasion to the "integrity" and "neutrality" of nations, but what they inexorably seek is subservience.

Specious or not, dangerous or not, the call to neutrality has far more appeal to a German today than the call to arms. A demagogue like the right-wing politician August Haussleiter may put it this way:

"We reject the participation of Germans in foreign legions, whether they be of the East or of the West. To hell with any German who wants to become a soldier, when German soldiers are still in prison, when they are still hauled before the courts of conquerors for obeying military orders!"

Or it may be spelled out by the most thoughtful, intelligent, and democratic Germans, as it was in a recent editorial in the *Stuttgarter Zeitung*, one of the best newspapers of postwar Germany. The editorial read, in part:

"German rearmament might contribute to the security of Great Britain, the U.S.A., and France, but it would not be in our own interest. If the catastrophe of war were to come, the German people would have but one chance of survival. That would be to keep our heads down and let the front roll over us. At least, this would be better policy than to throw ourselves in the path of a steam roller which we could not stop in any case.

"If we are told that as a price for our admission into the European Community of Nations we must make our military contribution, German youth and the German people can only reply: 'Thank you, no! We are not willing to serve as cannon fodder.' "

It would be difficult to overemphasize how deep-rooted this attitude is. The western nations may not have decided yet whether they want to ask Germany to join today's war dance. A majority of Germans, however, have already made their decision. In advance of any invitation, their firm, not particularly polite answer has been formulated: "If you don't mind, we think we'll sit this one out!"

—Ernest Leiser

At Home & Abroad

Pensions—Labor's Case

Over a period of years, certain economists have been yapping against the income tax, the eight-hour day, unemployment compensation, social security, bank-deposit insurance, price supports for farmers, and minimum wages. Now it's pensions.

Not one of the catastrophes these economists have predicted has ever come to pass. Actually the rank and file of American workers have predicted more accurately every time. The arguments against industrial pensions for workers go something like this:

First, why should auto workers, for example, be entitled to one-hundred-dollar pensions when textile and farm workers do not have them? (Senator Taft uses this argument; but then, why should he be entitled to his very handsome Senatorial pension if other Americans don't get pensions?)

Second, the cost of pensions will inevitably be passed along to the consumer.

Third, the economy cannot afford to maintain the aged ten per cent of the population on pensions.

Fourth, a huge investment problem will be created as the funds to guarantee the payment of pensions in various industries accumulate.

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Fifth, an industrial pension ties a worker to a particular plant.

Sixth, employers cannot afford pensions.

Seventh, pensions should be paid for through the Federal Social Security program under a uniform system.

Eighth, an industrial pension destroys a worker's incentive to save for old age.

Ninth, pensions will place on industry an unbearable fixed cost, which will discourage risk taking and technological advances.

Look at these arguments (they are those of men like Sumner Slichter, C. Hartley Grattan, and Peter Drucker) —one at a time, without prejudice. You will discover an important secret —that an ordinary rank-and-file wage earner can make economic judgments just as sound, though minus the gobbledegook, as those of a barker with a thirty-dollar investment in rimless glasses and maybe a twenty-five thousand-dollar investment in the care and management of a profound manner.

The First Argument: All workers are morally entitled to adequate pensions when they are too old to work but too young to die. (The hundred-dollar-a-month minimum isn't adequate, but it is just a beginning.) The fact that all workers cannot win these pensions now is no reason why *some* shouldn't. Some workers still work twelve hours a day, but that is no argument against the eight-hour day. Bluntly, UAW members are entitled to the pensions because they have the courage and the conviction to win them. It happens that in our economy the ability to win something is justification enough for what you win. General Motors is not entitled to the enormous return on its investment on any moral principle. It operates in an economy where, unfortunately, if you are in the right strategic position you can collect. The UAW deplores the fact that power, and not a moral principle, is the governing factor, but since we do have an amoral, overly free-enterprising economy, the UAW is serving all of those workers who do not have pensions by winning them for UAW members. Once the breach is made, it will be easier for other workers to win pensions for themselves.

The Second: Senator Taft advanced his argument that the cost of pensions would be passed along to consumers before a Senate committee, and Arthur Altmeyer of the Federal Social Security Board took him apart then and there.

The cost of pensions is a labor cost, but not all labor costs are passed on to consumers. Some are; some are absorbed by technological advances; some come out of profits; and some are paid for by reducing wages. Actually, the cost of the current pension program will be paid in all of these ways, and if past experience is any guide, the larger part will be paid for by advances in technology.

But the main thing Senator Taft overlooks is that the cost of pensions is already being paid. It is paid for now in suffering, in the cost of relief and poorhouses for old people, and in the burdens of younger people who are required to support older relatives.

Industrial pensions are a change from the present cruel and haphazard method of paying for the care of older people to an orderly and equitable one.

The Third: No one can seriously say that the United States economy cannot afford to take care of its older people. During the war, about half the population supported the rest in totally unproductive activity—making war. In peacetime it is certainly possible to maintain the older ten per cent.

The failure to apply intelligent remedies to the problems of unemployment and medical care today forces the country to maintain more than ten per cent of the population in unproductive activity.

If pensions had no other effect except to force the corporations to devise methods of using materials and manpower economically to make up for the cost of the program, that would be reason enough to undertake a universal pension system. But even now there is enough play in the economy to allow for the maintenance of every older citizen in health and decency. The war proved it.

The Fourth: The argument about the investment problems that pension funds will create is a bugaboo, which is more effective because not even the men who use it know what they are talking about. But they talk about it in language that prevents you from finding out that they are only mumbo-jumboing with rubber gums.

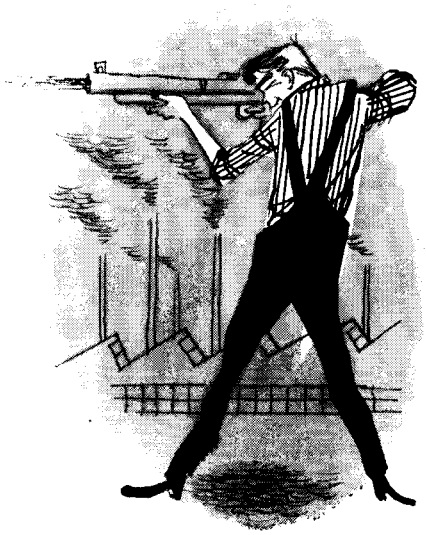
Large sums of money in pension funds *will* have to be invested, but the problem will be no more insoluble than the problem created by the accumulation of funds in the Federal Social Security Trust Fund. That fund makes it unnecessary to sell as many government bonds to the public as otherwise would have to be done.

One segment of this argument is the notion that six to ten cents an hour invested for pensions might reduce purchasing power. But this objection is taken care of by the UAW proposal: Give the pensions in addition to present wages, without increasing prices, and pay for the cost by increasing production. That way pensions will produce more goods, more services, and more security for everyone at no cost to the country.

The Fifth: It must be admitted that there is point in the argument that a pension does tend to tie a man down to his plant. But the UAW members who get pensions would be able to retain their mobility and freedom if they were guaranteed a dismissal wage equal to their pension rights in case they left a company, or if pension credits were transferable from one company to another. We haven't won such provisions yet, but eventually, I am convinced, we will. In the meantime, we have to begin somewhere.

In any event, pensions don't tie a worker down much more than he is already—by his family, his home, or his debts. The people who argue against pensions on this score can't be sincere, since at the same time they go on urging workers to buy homes and to tie themselves down by methods that profit the corporations and the banks.

The Sixth: No employer ever ad-



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mits that he can afford wage increases. The current demand for pensions and health security adds up to a ten-cent-per-hour cost per worker. At Chrysler the cost of the pension and health-security demands comes to around one cent on each dollar of sales, while the company profits add up to more than twelve cents per dollar of sales.

Chrysler, of course, is not all of American industry, but no one seriously accepted the argument that industry could not afford the seventy-five-cent hourly minimum wage, and the argument that industry cannot afford a ten-cent hourly wage increase is similarly just something to keep the pot boiling.

Under this heading, a special plea is made that small business cannot afford pensions. The two-hundred-million-dollar cost of the Ford pension program is used to reinforce this argument.

Actually, however, the cost of pensions increases or decreases depending on the number of employees concerned. If a small employer can afford a ten-cent-an-hour wage increase, he can afford ten cents an hour for pensions.

Pension costs will be part of labor costs. The small employer pays exactly the same prices for coal, steel, and other supplies—in theory, at least—as big business. No special allowances are made to him by other businesses because he is small.

Actually, the small employer pays *higher* prices for materials and supplies than larger companies. Labor is one of the few costs that are just as low for him as for the larger employer. Hardly anyone tries to justify sweatshop wages any longer because the sweatshopper is a small employer. The time has come when a company that does not include pensions in its wage payments is substandard.

The Seventh: Here you have an argument that the UAW, in general, concedes. In fact, when the UAW drew up its pension strategy, it decided to fight for pensions, not just for UAW members, but for everyone. That is why UAW pensions are geared to the Social Security System. Winning industrial pensions under the UAW plan means starting to pull the entire level of Federal old-age pensions up to a higher level. Company payments, under the UAW agreements, go down as Federal payments go up.

The result of this strategy has been to turn such notorious fighters against social-security benefits as General Motors, Ford, and the National Association of Manufacturers into exponents of increased social security. In this case the UAW waved a wand over these traditional "aginners" and made them into militant crusaders for a decent Federal old-age pension program.

The Eighth: This chestnut was used against social security, unemployment compensation, and every other proposal that ever added something to the security of wage earners. The steel fact-finding board answered this one by wondering why pensions always demoralize workers but never seem to have any demoralizing effect on employers.

Even when workers do have pensions, they will have an incentive to save. The real question is, when are they going to get enough in wages to enable them to save? Federal Reserve Board statistics show that for the most part the very rich have savings, and Bureau of Labor Statistics figures show that most workers still earn less than it takes to maintain a family in health and decency. People who worry about workers saving ought to get on the side of the UAW and help fight the battles wage earners must have to get something to save.

The Ninth: Those who talk about how pensions will enormously increase the fixed costs of industry somehow assume that a pension cost is different from other costs. Actually, a pension cost is only a cents-per-hour cost, and is no different from a wage increase of the same amount.

Wage increases, as almost all economists admit, act as an incentive to industry to start making new technological advances.

Of course, the sad truth is that higher wages, by speeding up technological advances, create social problems. But unions are working on that too. More leisure, more purchasing power, and a more just distribution of the national income will help eliminate technological unemployment. When unions do work at that problem, the people who raise the arguments against pensions sneak around and launch their attacks from the back side of this contention. All this goes to prove that there is no sincerity in any of their arguments.

Boiled down, the UAW-CIO belief is that when a man is too old to work and too young to die, he is entitled to a decent livelihood until he is ready to move on.

The people who oppose pensions for wage earners and who don't oppose pensions for executives hold to another theory. They say that if a man can afford a pension, he is entitled to it. And he gets it, just as the half-million-dollar-a-year top executive of General Motors gets an additional twenty-five thousand dollars a year when it comes time for him to retire.

These same people get intensely excited at the notion that people who cannot afford pensions are entitled to them because they need them and the economy can pay for them.

In this case, at least, justice and the single standard are going to prevail. If the economists sincerely think that pensions are economically not feasible, I have some advice for them: Forget the argument against pensions, and start hunting for ways to make them economically feasible. Because they are here.

—VICTOR G. REUTHER

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A Stake in Production

Mr. Reuther is quite right. Pensions are here to stay.

But his argument, it seems to me, suffers from a confusion between wages and social security. A wage is paid out of current assets and meets current needs. It has little bearing upon security, and little bearing upon real income. High prices may make an entire wage increase illusory.

Social security belongs in another category. It represents an aim to secure the lifelong interests of the worker and his family. It is an attempt to provide for an entire generation. It is in fact an attempt to change the fluid and irresponsible relationship between the worker and his industry into a lifelong relationship. It is only on that basis that any real income structure can be developed, and the sooner labor forgets that it is "fighting for wages," when it is really asking for social security from industry, the better.

Social security—and I am talking in these terms because pensions are part of a broad drift toward full social security for the individual and his family—even if "won" now, can be paid only in the future, and out of future production.

When a union stakes the future well-being of its million members upon the production of an industry, it is making a moral commitment to help the industry keep up that production. What the steelworkers and the automobile workers are doing in fact—even if they deny that they are doing it—is undertaking, in so far as it lies in their power, to see to it that these industries can fulfill the promise of the "good life."

Mr. Reuther writes with the vigor and asperity of a man battling for the workers' right to organize. Pensions look to him like one more victory at the expense of "the boss," "the capitalist." A broad social-security program does not fit into that picture, and is not something that can be "won" in a tug of war, "taken away from the capitalist," and "given to the worker."

As a matter of simple fact, the life fortunes of the million automobile workers and their families, or of the million steelworkers and their families, cannot be made to rest upon the fortunes of intermittent war. The unions will have to start thinking of themselves not as battalions organized for conflict, but rather as permanent and integral parts of the industries in which they are organized.

The trade unions are becoming great savings institutions. They lay a head tax upon millions of men for the right to work, and collect large funds in other ways. Their assets have been placed at as high as four billion dollars, and the present security funds are well over a billion. This is just the beginning. These large funds cannot be immobilized. They are the current savings of the industry for future capital investment. The trade union is taking over, whether it realizes it or not, the role of supplying capital to industry—a role that was previously the function solely of banks, insurance companies, and wealthy individuals and families. We are, in fact, in the midst of a profound shift in the groups that do the saving for the community. Increasingly, these are going to be the unions—through their head taxes, special assessments, insurance funds, and the drift toward industry-financed social security.

The whole drift of the trade-union movement is to give the worker a lifelong connection with his industry, and, therefore, to make what that life is going to contain dependent upon the industry. More than that: The union's concern for the worker's job extends to the worker as a whole. The trade union is not a profit-making institution, a wage-bargaining institution, or a fighting institution. It is *the* modern society, the only one that industrialism has created, and it must function as such.

If the unions are going to create a relationship with management that is permanent rather than ephemeral, then their savings and their security funds will be, and will have to be, invested in industry, and in so far as possible, in the industry from which they were originally drawn. It is for this reason that it was a great mistake on the part of the President's fact-finding board in the steel industry to say that the payments had to come exclusively from the employer, and a greater mistake on the part of the union to make this a condition of settlement. These funds ought to rest upon a joint contribution, ought to be jointly managed, and ought to be used for investment in the industry—in the entire industry, not just in one particular plant or factory.

The funds in each separate industry ought to be reinsured, perhaps under Federal auspices. But the Federal government ought to be limited to the role of insurer, and to no other, in spite of Mr. Reuther's suggestion that security and pension funds ought to be tied to the Federal program. We must be very clear about what is involved. With the universalized insecurity we now have, it is implied in Mr. Reuther's suggestion, and in that of others, that the Federal government take over the responsibility of underwriting the security, in sickness, unemployment, misfortune, and old age, of the entire population. That is, the whole of the American people are to join the *rentier* class, or be placed upon a dole, or have their means of life secured and provided for them. To that end, the government will tax the community's income and resources.

If the Federal government were to assume responsibility for the security of all, it would intervene in details of management so as to reduce the dangers of unemployment and insecurity. It would assure each person in the United States his stipend in time of need and old age; it would investigate, regulate, and manage the lives of all the recipients. Under present conditions, this means the entire American people. Inevitably the government would have to redefine ordinary mistakes, accidents, and human failings as crimes, slackness, or sabotage; those responsible for simple accidents would be subject to possible punishment. In the name of efficiency and security we would surrender our heritage and become a managed people.

Certainly Mr. Reuther is the last man to desire that outcome.

—Frank Tannenbaum

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Dixie

The Molecule and the Mass

"I'm afraid there has been no measurable social progress here to report," the young social anthropologist at the university told me. "The Dixiecrats are in the saddle, the governor is a moron, and the average citizen is absorbed by golf, fishing, and that Hollywood actress who got mixed up in an Italian volcano."

Undismayed, I kept on moving around the anthropologist's state, looking for stories, and presently stumbled onto a man named Pratt Rudge.

Pratt Rudge comes of a long and uninterrupted line of unsuccessful yeoman farmers of Anglo-Saxon stock, the sort that once formed the backbone of the Klan. Back in the 1920's he could have been differentiated from any of his forebears only by the accident that Prohibition had lured his inherited talent for transmuting grain into spirits to a middle-size city, where inertia promptly tethered him on a short rope. When the sale of liquor became legal in his state, he got a job as handy man in Early Wilcox's pool and snooker parlor. And that is precisely where opportunity found him, his skin and bones draped over one end of a pool table, nimble wire fingers racking up the balls for a game of rotation, cigarette smoke curling up from thin, straight mouth to sting half-closed cornflower-blue eyes that never seemed to see anything, yet in reality did not miss much.

Opportunity in this instance was named Early Wilcox. Along with all the other ward and precinct captains, the pool-parlor operator had been asked by the boys at the courthouse to cast about for new faces for the three-man County Board of Registrars, which was shortly to be "appointed" by the appropriate state authorities. "We gotta get somebody them labor bastards ain't wise to," the sheriff had tactfully put it. Early had thought immediately of his handy man.

"What do I have to do?" Pratt asked.

"Nothin'," Early reassured him. "For seven-fifty a day you gotta go stand around a joint over in the Fourth Ward for five days every year or so and look important. The clerks know what to do."

Thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents a year was not to be scoffed at by one to whom it represented more than a week's pay, and Pratt thanked Early with suitable warmth. But as the day wore on, sundry and sometimes conflicting thoughts intruded upon the newly christened public servant's consciousness, caroming off each other like the incessantly clicking balls on the tables. On the one hand, all of past experience ruled out the possibility that Early Wilcox would entrust Pratt Rudge with anything that amounted to shucks. On the other hand, since registrars apparently had a good deal to do with passing on who could vote, and since those permitted to do so elected all the important officials, right up to President of the United States, it seemed obvious that a member of the Board of Registrars could be a pretty key man. The two hypotheses being irreconcilable, Pratt promptly discarded number two.

And there the thing might have been left, had it not been for the fact that, on emerging from the vapors of the Idle Hour Recreation Parlor for supper one evening not long after, Pratt Rudge encountered an ancient colored man called Uncle Ben, the personal retainer of Mrs. Judge Brady, the town's most respected great lady.

"Miz Brady say," Uncle Ben came right to the point, "she be mighty pleased if'n you'd drap by some evenin', Mist' Rudge."

"Miz *Jedge* Brady?" Pratt asked.

"Yassah, Mist' Rudge."

"You shore she meant me?"

"You Mist' Pratt Rudge, ain' you?"

Pratt considered the novel situation carefully. Search as he might in memory's fusty attic, he could recall no connection between the Bradys and the Rudges except—yes, that time his pappy had been up before the judge, then sitting in an adjoining county, on a technical charge of moonshining. Judge Brady had made quite a speech from the bench—something about how the moonshining charge, brought by a sheriff's deputy, was merely the courthouse boys' way of paying Rans Rudge off for electioneering for a feller named Rube Kolb . . . and about how men like Rans were a damned sight better Americans than his accusers.

"Miz Jedge Brady to home?" Pratt inquired.

"Yassah, Mist' Rudge. She settin' on the v'randa rate now.".

Pratt hovered in the dusk-shadows of the big magnolias that surrounded the front of the Brady mansion, shuffling his feet to announce his presence.

"Is that you, Mr. Rudge?" a pleasant, firm voice called from the depths of the porch.

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He mounted the six steps and stood there uncertainly, while Elizabeth Brady scrutinized him.

"Yes," she said finally, "I think you will make a very good registrar. We need good registrars, Mr. Rudge. Calhoun County has been temporizing with history long enough. We must do as our new editor tells us, and march bravely out to meet the inevitable, as our fathers met the Yankee brigadier."

"Yes'm."

"Please do sit down."

Pratt collapsed on the top step.

"Yes," Elizabeth Brady said, "I think you will do nicely. I was quite pleased when I learned of your appointment. My husband knew your father, you know. I remember he said once that men like your father had more of the Constitution in the marrow of their bones than most lawyers have in their skulls. You no doubt have inherited that remarkable trait, which is fortunate, since with us the Constitution is the touchstone of suffrage." She leaned forward ever so slightly. "Have you a copy of it, Mr. Rudge?"

"Oh, yes, Miz Brady!"

Elizabeth Brady stood up and held out a thin, vein-ridged hand.

"I'm glad," she said. "This has been a very pleasant little visit. Please remember that if ever you need an old woman for a friend, I am that friend."

Pratt Rudge walked the first six blocks back toward town so fast that he was sweating like a plow mule when he stopped to lean against a lamppost to catch his breath and lay a plan. It was six-thirty. The bus for the capital city would just be pulling out.

"Constitution?" the young blonde in the capital-city bookstore echoed doubtfully.

" . . . of the United States," Pratt rounded out the imposing title.

The salesgirl sought counsel from her colleague, an older, and presumably wiser, woman.

"Constitution of the United States?" the woman gasped. "What on earth does he want it for—to hang up on a wall? I don't think it comes in a book. I've never heard of it being a book. Tell him . . . Oh, tell him anything."

Pratt wandered down a side street until he came to a Salvation Army Goodwill Shop. It had been his experience that a Goodwill Shop might have almost anything.

"Constitution?" the little man chirped. "Ummmmm. For a table pretty, sort of?"

"I wanna read it," Pratt said evenly. "Hain't read it much lately."

"Ummmm. Tell you what. I gotta thing here, it's called *The World Almanac,* which has got the Constitution of the United States, the names of all the Presidents, the pop'lation of every state and city, names of the highest mountains and longest rivers in the world, births, deaths, legal holidays, and I don't know what all."

"Jus' wanna read the Constitution."

"Well, okay, you can do that, too. Here it is: pages 156 to 162, inclusive. Won't ask but two bits, seein's how 'tain't this year's."

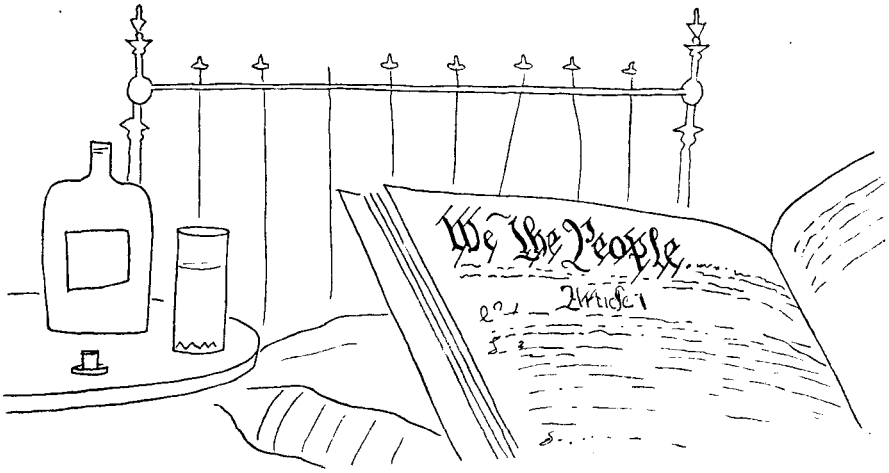
Pratt pocketed the book, purchased two pints of Old Tidewater whiskey, and caught the nine o'clock bus for home, going straight from the bus station to his modest hall bedroom in the ramshackle establishment of Mrs. Bonnie Tidball. He propped *The World Almanac* on a dingy pillow, opened to page 156, poured himself a tumbler of whiskey, and began reading aloud.

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

He swallowed half a tumblerful of whiskey and turned over on his back. The words seemed to him beautiful in their simplicity. And meaningful, in a surprisingly personal way. For example, obviously "establish justice" referred to Judge Brady. And "general welfare" could only mean the extent of Miz Jedge Brady's goodness, a thing as broad as the broadest chinaberry tree, which covered even the Pratt Rudges. Presently he found himself staring fixedly at a plaster crack that extended from the one window to a corner of the cobwebbed ceiling. It seemed to him that that unattended-to crack somehow represented all the things that the Constitution had not meant, for Mrs. Tidball or for him . . . or for his father and those others, Populists or something like that they were called, who had tried to elect Rube Kolb governor, and been denied the vote. That was something else Early Wilcox needed to explain.

What did the Constitution have to say about the Early Wilcoxes? He rolled over on his stomach and resumed the reading aloud. How far he got before sleep overtook him it is difficult to say. The evidence suggests that he at least finished the Fifteenth Amendment before, or possibly in a dead heat with, the second pint of whiskey. At any rate, he must have wakened a new man.

The first hint of this came near the close of business of Pratt Rudge's first official registration day. Ninety-six persons—fifty-eight white, thirty-eight Negro; eighty males, sixteen all-white females; eight of the white males known to be labor-union men—had filed into the abandoned Safeway Supermarket and bellied up to the rough pine table. The two clerks, both male, and, of course, white, had dutifully entered each name in a ten-cent school copybook which later would be discarded, and had nodded perfunctorily at the fifty nonunion whites and



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at one Negro (Miz Jedge Brady's Uncle Ben); at all the others they had fired the same machine-gun question: "Explain the due-process clause." At the noon dinner break, they had circled the first three Negro names in the book. Ordinarily, there would have been the same arbitrary selection among the union men, but the year before a couple of them had sued, and the orders were to pass them as long as they did not seek to register in "unreasonable" numbers. The clerks meant to ring a couple of afternoon Negro names before they left for the night (it was always easier to mark the first two or three than to try to remember who gave the most cogent answers); and in due course they would notify the lucky sixty-four, and enter them in the permanent registration ledger, there to remain (if they behaved themselves) until long after they were dead.

During all of this routine, Pratt Rudge had reclined, alert but silent, on a disused church pew, reflecting from time to time that the Negroes seemed to know their constitutional stuff better than the union fellows. And then Fats Gruber waddled into the bare room, a little drunker than usual and smelling very ripe indeed.

"Hey!" Fats greeted the clerks, studiedly ignoring Pratt. "Put me in the book, will ya? I gotta go see a lady 'bout a dog."

Both clerks joined in the guffaw, and Pratt got resolutely to his feet. Everybody in the county knew that Fats Gruber had defended Hitler, even after Pearl Harbor; that he'd done time for hijacking a liquor truck; that he'd undoubtedly killed that girl who'd been living with him, even if the jury didn't think so. For such a man to assume the sacred right of suffrage denied to Rans Rudge and God knew how many other right-living Popularists was an affront to all authority.

"'Splain the due process clause to me, Fats," Pratt said evenly.

The clerks exchanged apprehensive glances.

"What is this," bellowed the challenged elector, "a gag?"

"Go on," Pratt said. "Tell me about it."

"Bravo!" a deep feminine voice boomed from the rafters.

The four men turned toward it in unison, and Mrs. Brady came briskly down the rickety steps from the rickety balcony that had served Safeway Stores, Inc., as an office. Before she reached the four men, one of the clerks had propelled Fats Gruber halfway to the door.

"Guess I better be goin', too," the other clerk mumbled, sideslipping out from behind the table with the blue copybook under his arm.

"Just a moment, young man," Mrs. Brady said firmly. "Mr. Rudge will take that book."

And before Pratt could say anything, she was settled at the table with it, pen poised in hand.

"If we're going to get today's notices out tonight," she said, "I think I'd best give you a hand."

Early Wilcox and four husky courthouse retainers were on hand early the next morning; but they were not the first to arrive. In addition to Mrs. Brady, Pratt Rudge, and the two clerks, there were present Mrs. Preston Doughty and two other ladies of the League of Women Voters, Mrs. Doughty's brawny son Jim, not long out of the Air Force, and Colly Sparkman of the Good Government League.

The opposing forces took seats on opposite sides of the huge room and grimly watched while the two clerks passed every application without a question. At intervals runners brought bulletins to Early, who frowned and gnawed at his cigar. Just before the noon break a panting courier thrust a limp copy of the afternoon paper from the nearby state capital into Early's hands. It contained the texts of congratulatory messages to the governor from the League of Women Voters and the Good Government League, and of the governor's expression of gratification, as well as an editorial congratulating all concerned. Early Wilcox threw the paper on the floor and departed, followed by his silent retinue.

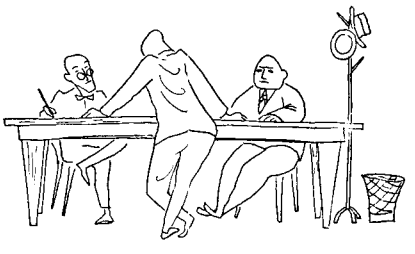
That's about all there was or is to the story of Pratt Rudge, except that Mrs. Doughty found him another job, that he's still very much registrar, and that this summer the Negroes came out in droves to register for the Democratic primary.

I had to double back through the university town on leaving the state, and so of course I told my anthropologist friend what I had learned.

"My dear fellow," he laughed. "Can't you see that the man's motives were purely personal—and subliminal at that? Honestly, you newspaper lads amaze me: the way you're always pouncing on isolated phenomena which appear superficially to support some pleasant generalization, some predetermined trend you have been commissioned to discover; or perhaps just plain wishful thinking. We social scientists, having to be somewhat more exact in our measurements of human behavior, cannot even be sure that societal flux is the spontaneous result of the chain reaction of countless individual fluxes. But even if we thought that, we could hardly subscribe to any theory based on sheer coincidence. After all, we can't afford to ignore the cumulative wisdom of the physical scientists, who know that the molecules in matter must form themselves into certain recognizable patterns before they can produce discernible changes in the mass."

I went away considerably chastened, but still betting on the molecules.

—Llewellyn White



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Canada

Friendship Is a Two-Way Street

When American officials visit Ottawa or Canadians come to Washington, the capitals resound with declamation about Good Neighbors, open borders, and "a century and a third of peace."

Every once in a while, a highly placed Canadian breaks out of this routine of mutual congratulation, but nobody, except a few specialists in the State Department, pays a great deal of attention. Last year, for example, the Canadian Prime Minister, Louis St. Laurent, made a speech in Troy, New York, in which he denied that there was any historical reason why Canada and the United States should be so confident about their relations. "The scattered British colonies which were united to form the Canadian nation in 1867 were brought together, in large part, to strengthen their defenses against possible aggression from the United States," he pointed out. ". . . In the background was the memory of two centuries of frequent wars and continuous threats of war."

He went on to say that good relations are not inevitable, and have to be cultivated if they are to persist.

When Mr. St. Laurent came to Washington in February, 1949, he chatted with President Truman for an hour and a half about various matters that he wanted to straighten out. The President gave him reason to expect that action would be taken on some of them before the end of the year. But last January 1 they all remained what they had been—unfinished business.

Such irritations thrive on secrecy. A foreign power like Canada does not want to say much in public. The State Department hopes that if nobody mentions the troubles they will go away. But Canadian officials, faced with a growing list of failures to reach settlements or to get them honored, are developing a feeling of frustration.

Hearing a warning like St. Laurent's,

State Department officials are apt to mutter, "He has to keep his electors happy." But the fact is there is not much the department can do but put on as good a face as possible. It is the other departments and Congress that gum up U.S.-Canadian relations.

The most persistent source of Canadian irritation has been the failure of the Senate to act on the St. Lawrence waterways development. In 1932, the two governments drew up a treaty dealing with the development of power on the international section of the river and the construction of canals to enable ocean-going vessels to reach the upper lakes. In 1934, the Senate considered the treaty, but failed to pass it by the necessary two-thirds majority.

In 1941, the governments settled upon an agreement, rather than a treaty, because that required only a simple majority vote. Nine years have gone by, and the Senate still has not voted on the agreement.

The canal project has been opposed by both Canadian and American railways and port interests, but there can be little doubt of its value for both countries. The navigation facilities are becoming important to the American steel industry now that it is being forced to look abroad for its ore.

Both the Canadian and American sides of the St. Lawrence are short of power, the Canadian side extremely so. Since there seemed to be no immediate prospect of ratification of the agreement after the Second World War, the State of New York and the Province of Ontario tried to work out an arrangement for power development along the International Rapids. However, the Federal Power Commission ordered New York to stop.

When Newfoundland joined Canada in 1949, the new province brought some problems with it. One of these was the rights enjoyed by U. S. armed forces in the Newfoundland areas acquired during the war in the bases-for-destroyers deal. This arrangement had been made between Washington and London when Newfoundland had only colonial status.

After the admission of Newfoundland into the Dominion, Canadians felt that these extraterritorial rights were anachronistic. A treaty was a treaty, but even in China "unequal" treaties had been abjured by the western powers.

Mr. St. Laurent made a special point of this matter when he called on Mr. Truman. There had already been incidents between U. S. troops and Newfoundland civilians and officials. A customs inspector had been assaulted by a U. S. officer on Newfoundland territory. A Newfoundland court had fined the officer two hundred dollars. The fine was paid by the U. S. Air Force on the ground that the officer was simply carrying out his orders.

There were a number of similar incidents: A U. S. soldier, charged by the Newfoundland police with manslaughter, was tried by the U. S. authorities —for being off limits. U. S. Coast Guard personnel looted a Grenfell

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Mission store in Labrador. When Newfoundland courts sought to bring them to account, the Coast Guard denied that Newfoundland had jurisdiction.

Congress has legislated minutely on the matter of who shall be admitted into the United States from foreign territories, and has entrusted control to the Department of Justice's Immigration and Naturalization Service. Visas, however, are issued by the State Department. It has happened that Canadians arriving at the border with the State Department's approval have been turned back by the Justice Department's agents. One incident involved a professor who was informed that his State Department visa would not be recognized by the Department of Justice. He was, it seemed, a member of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. This is a recognized political party, well represented in the Canadian Parliament and the majority party in the Province of Saskatchewan. The Department of Justice considered the professor an undesirable socialist.

A particular effort was made to reach some agreement on such problems, but the only result was assurance that Canadian officials would be given the customary diplomatic courtesies.

This problem, too, State Department officials shrug off: "A few cases out of twenty-five million crossings a year."

As often as ECA appropriations come up, Congressmen rant against nations that prefer charity to earning an honest dollar in free competition. But when American potato prices are set so high that Canadian potato farmers can pay a seventy-cent tax per sack and still undersell the U. S. product, Senator Brewster of Maine demands an embargo, and the ICC conveniently reconsiders a promise to revise discriminatory freight rates.

Our defense authorities demand standardization of equipment as a major contribution to joint defense. British equipment can be bought with sterling, of which Canada has plenty. American equipment must be bought with U. S. dollars, of which Canada has few. Furthermore, under the terms of the Mutual Defense Assistance Act, countries which do not receive U. S. aid—Canada makes it a principle not to—must pay cash on the line *in advance* of delivery. This would wreck any normal budget, and is in fact illegal under Canadian statute.

"Standardized" is actually a euphemism for "American" nowadays. I know of no item of foreign equipment which has been adopted by the U. S. forces lately, although some are conspicuously better—for example, the Canadian snow vehicle, the Penguin, as compared with the U. S. Weasel, which was a flop in recent Arctic maneuvers.

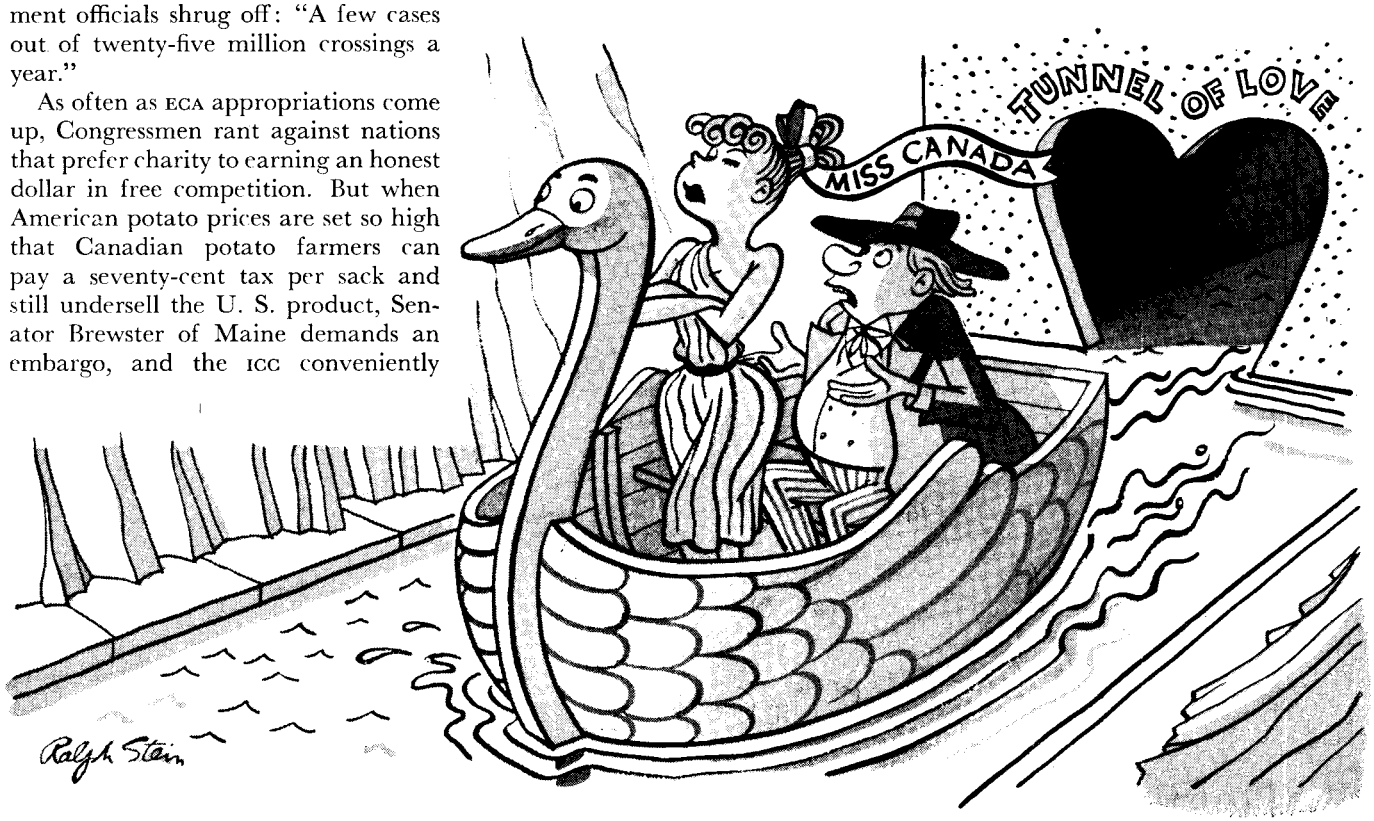
During the war, Canadian physicists worked with British and American scientists on the development of the atomic bomb. A Canadian atomic-energy laboratory was set up at Chalk River, Ontario. All information was pooled. By secret agreement this arrangement was to last until January 1, 1950. The U. S. Senate unilaterally ended it when it passed the Atomic Energy Act in 1946. The other partners to the agreement were not mentioned. The Canadians continued supplying information on their experiments, although U. S. scientists were unable to reciprocate.

What would have been the reaction in the United States if the Canadian Parliament had decided to act as the Senate had, abrogating the agreement, and cutting off both information and uranium? What would be said if Canadian money were used to finance an "Alaska Independence Party" as U. S. money went to an autonomy party in Newfoundland?

Suppose for a moment that a Canadian Royal Commission ordered the chief U. S. steel companies to come to Ottawa, present their books, and justify their price increases. Yet the House Judiciary Committee proposed to make the Canadian newsprint manufacturers come to Washington for such a purpose.

The best efforts of the State Department will fail if the other executive departments and Congress persist in acting as if this were 1850. "Total diplomacy" demands the discomfiting of enemies, not of friends.

—JAMES M. MINIFIE



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Haiti

UNESCO at Marbial

The fundamental problem in Haiti is a problem of education. In this country of over three million people (there has never been a satisfactory census, and the population has been variously estimated), a little over ten per cent are literate. These are the urban "élite," who are likely to know two or three languages (as well as the local Creole), and who have never done manual work. The illiterate ninety per cent, in their lath-and-mud huts thatched with banana leaves, inhabit an African jungle dominated by voodoo divinities, where even the conception of a Haitian government is difficult for them to grasp. When one of these peasants comes in to the polls and indicates his choice of a candidate, it is no trouble for the official recording the votes to write down any name he pleases, and if the voter can read a little, it is almost as easy to get him drunk so that he will not notice what has been written. It is obvious that the political life of Haiti cannot make very much sense so long as these conditions prevail; and wherever, in any field, in Haiti today, you encounter a serious person, young enough not to be imprisoned in the Francophile culture of the nineteenth century, who is trying to do something for his country, you find someone who is working to diminish the difference between the illiterate and the educated classes—either by understanding the peasantry better, by teaching them to read and write, by instructing them in agricultural methods, or by extirpating the diseases that prey on them.

A conspicuous example of this is the experiment begun by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization in August, 1948, which aims at all these kinds of improvement. This project was originally conceived by a young Haitian, Emmanuel Gabriel, a former school inspector in Port-au-Prince, who had

gone to England after the war on a British scholarship to study education and who had attended a UNESCO conference in Paris in October, 1946, at which plans were discussed for supplying technical assistance to governments that were members of the United Nations. M. Gabriel communicated with the Methodist missionary in Port-au-Prince, Pastor H. Ormonde McConnell, an able and active man, who had become a leading figure in the educational field in Haiti. He suggested to Pastor McConnell that he go to President Estimé and propose to him that Haiti apply to get the benefit of UNESCO assistance. The application was made, and the Haitian government was invited by UNESCO to choose a suitable place to conduct an educational experiment.

The locality chosen was Marbial, in the valley of the Gosseline River, which flows from the hills into the Bay of Jacmel (near the town of Jacmel on the south coast), a community of about thirty thousand, impoverished and peculiarly unfortunate in being alternately starved by protracted droughts and inundated by terrible floods. The only access to Marbial is by way of an abominable road, full of holes that recall the craters of a bomb-riddled highway in Europe. This runs along the Gosseline River, and river and road together make the main artery of Marbial life. Here, walled by infertile mountains, where the whitish volcanic rock shows through the vegetation, in the sprawling and shallow murky stream, among the pale stones and pale mud, the blue-black males bathe, the swollen-bellied children play, the women rinse out their washing, and the horses and cattle are watered. This is also the water the people drink.

Along the road one sees their only commerce: little displays that are sometimes on stands under roofs of dried palm or banana leaves, sometimes simply laid out on the ground, and that include ripe bananas, bottled syrups, queer phalliform loaves of white bread that suggest the primitive features of the voodoo rites, and some brown and sticky confection that looks like pralines or peanut brittle. The small children hold on the tops of their heads, clasping their hands above them, single oranges or calabash gourds; the women balance great trays or baskets with mixed loads of tinware and bottles, or a brown cow's head with one ear wagging. Their beasts of burden are usually donkeys, which have sometimes had diseased ears cut off (to call somebody "a crop-eared donkey" seems to be a serious insult). These are likely to hold up passing cars by balking in the middle of the road, from which they have to be gradually budged by the pulling of barefooted girls in one-piece dresses and big flat straw hats, or of older women puffing pipes.

The men do not do much carrying, but men and women alike are often seen with the West Indian poultry that, as food, as sacrificial offerings, and as contestants in the most popular sport, play so large a role in their lives. They tie a bird's legs together and

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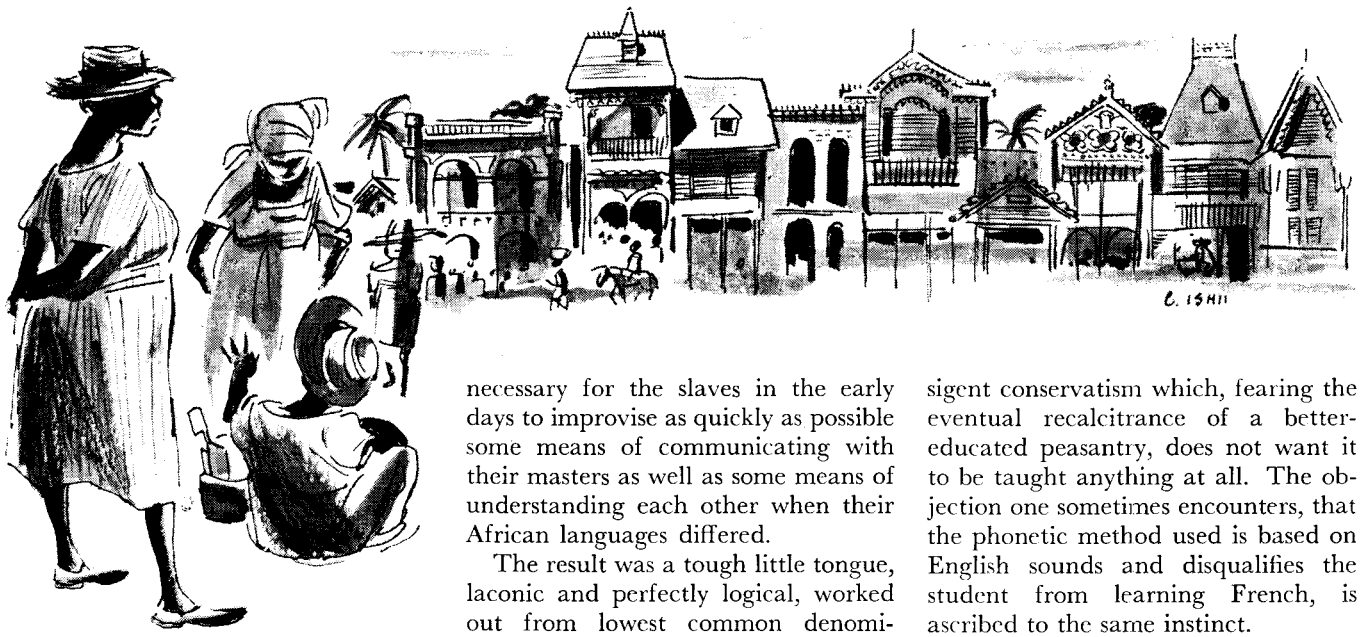

carry it as if it were a parasol, with one hand clasping the legs and the rest tucked under the arm. These fowl are extremely beautiful, with an infinitely varied mixture of bronzy greens, yellows, and reds, often combined with white. They seem to be the only aesthetic objects that these drably clad peasants possess. The roosters are bred for fierceness and very highly prized, since cockfighting, with dancing and voodoo rites, furnishes all the people's amusement and their drama. The people are accompanied by famelic dogs and lean black pigs which they lead on ropes.

The UNESCO headquarters is announced by signboards lettered in the phonetic Creole that is taught in the UNESCO school. *"Sous Onesko"* means "UNESCO spring" [*source*]. The *"Katié Général"* includes a *"Bibliotèk,"* a *"Sinéma,"* a *"Pepinié,"* an *"Atélie Tisaj,"* an *"Atélie Séramik,"* and a *"Sât* [center] *Koopérativ."* It is a little more difficult for the visitor who is not familiar with Creole to recognize in *"A non aprân li ak écri,"* "Let us learn to read and write." Creole is a mixture of the dialect spoken in the French maritime provinces that created the colonial trade, sometimes preserving locutions current in the seventeenth century, when the French were getting a firm hold on Santo Domingo (as the whole island was then known), and the Negro languages of West Africa, from which the slaves were brought. It was necessary for the slaves in the early days to improvise as quickly as possible some means of communicating with their masters as well as some means of understanding each other when their African languages differed.

The result was a tough little tongue, laconic and perfectly logical, worked out from lowest common denominators. The curious thing is that, fixed in this early period, it has become, with local variations, the popular language everywhere in the French-speaking West Indies as well as in Guiana and Louisiana. It is also much spoken by educated Haitians even when they are talking among themselves, though they have to resort to French when they want to deal with abstract conceptions, which cannot be expressed in Creole. The broadcasts in Port-au-Prince are often made in this invertedly macaronic language of Creole supplemented by French. On the one hand, in Haiti, you have classical French, the language par excellence of formulas, becoming continually staler as the destiny of Haiti in our hemisphere alienates it more and more from France. "The French say we talk like books," M. Gabriel said to me; and it is true that the Haitian press at times produces unintended comic effects through dressing up petty events in an insipid ceremonious garb that suggests the high stocks and tight breeches of the era of the Haitian Revolution. On the other hand, if the Creole-speaking people are to be taught to read and write, why start them with French, a language of which they have had no experience and which, in their present phase, is intellectually far beyond them?

The opposition to the teaching of Creole has come to be regarded in Haiti by the more progressive elements as one of the symptoms of an intransigent conservatism which, fearing the eventual recalcitrance of a better-educated peasantry, does not want it to be taught anything at all. The objection one sometimes encounters, that the phonetic method used is based on English sounds and disqualifies the student from learning French, is ascribed to the same instinct.

The movement, in any case, is only just getting under way. One of the obstacles it has to contend with is the fewness of Creole texts. The Haitians who have written down folk tales in Creole have used various forms of French spelling, and such original exercises in Creole as the amusing adaptation of La Fontaine by the poet Georges Sylvain have been intended for literate readers. Pastor McConnell, at the beginning of the 1940's, founded a Creole newspaper, and had some Creole textbooks printed, but the paper stopped for lack of funds after two and a half years, and the textbooks have not been reprinted. Today you will find at Port-au-Prince, in the basement of the Centre d'Art, an American UNESCO worker—a Negro girl from Massachusetts, a college graduate and former social worker—making a shorter, less sophisticated version than that in Sylvain's La Fontaine of *"La Cigale et la Fourmi"* (the moral of which is felt to be needed), with charming illustrations by the Haitian G. F. O. Remponeau, and preparing a little tract to explain that the disease of yaws is not an affliction imposed by an angry and malignant spirit but is due to the depredations of a very small kind of animal, from whose attacks one can defend oneself.

Nor has the method of teaching Creole been definitely settled yet. The method of Pastor McConnell has begun by teaching sounds and syllables, which are later put together in words, but M. Gabriel, who has studied with

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I. A. Richards, is replacing this method at Marbial by one derived from Basic English, in which sentences are the primary units. It has already been found possible by McConnell's method —unexpectedly to skeptical conservatives—to teach students to read and write in from two to three months.

Here, at any rate, in a little white building that is hardly more than a shelter, are two schoolrooms hung with charts and maps, on one of which the United States figures as *"Etazini."* There are two hundred children now in this UNESCO school. In Marbial there are, all together, three thousand children of school age—that is, between seven and fourteen. Many of them live in remote areas, where UNESCO ultimately hopes to set up what it calls "feeder" schools. The children will be taught only the rudiments of reading and writing and simple arithmetic, along with "fundamental hygiene." Efforts to teach them French are likely to become stalled in the mere memorizing of isolated passages which they do not understand.

There are ten teachers at the main center: four for the primary school, one for adults, five for the crafts. These crafts consist of basket weaving with sisal fibers, beautifully clean and white, making combs out of cowhorn, molding pottery from the pallid mud, and constructing simple wooden furniture. There has as yet, though it is badly needed, been little agricultural instruction—but a nursery has been begun with small plantings of tobacco, pistachio, and eggplant.

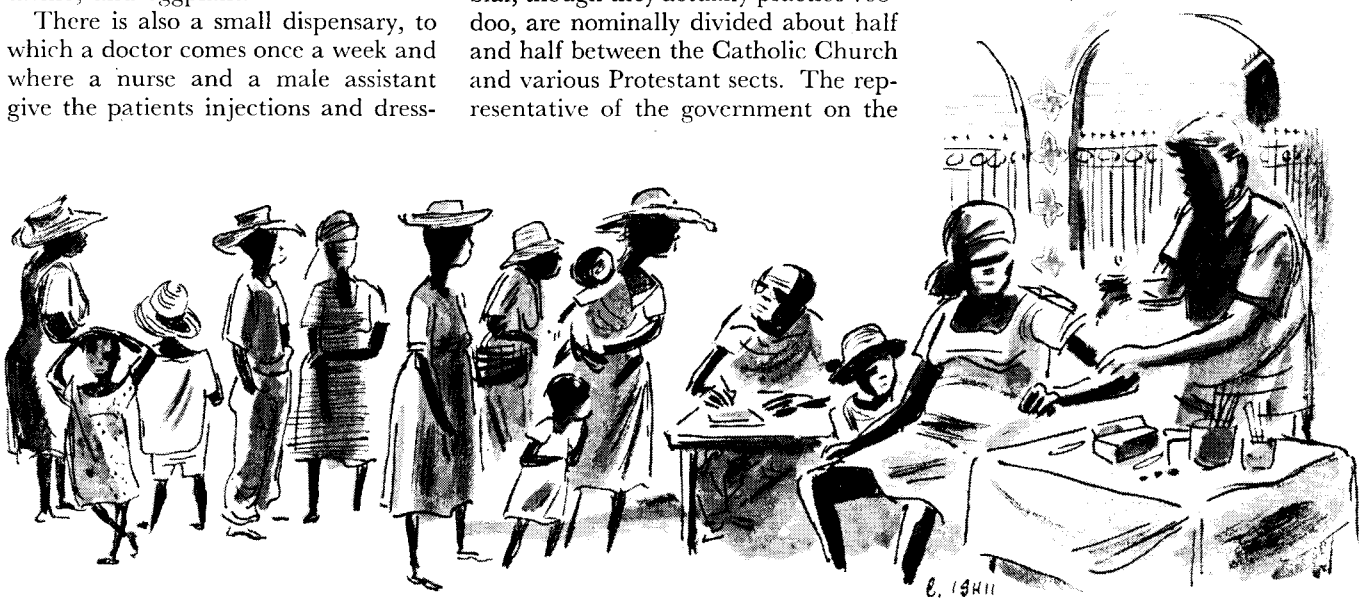
There is also a small dispensary, to which a doctor comes once a week and where a nurse and a male assistant give the patients injections and dressings when the doctor is not there. Before the UNESCO center existed, there was no way to get medical attention except—what was rarely done—to pay a doctor to come out from Jacmel. The local witch doctors, it seems, have some skill at setting fractures and know a few effective herbs for minor ailments, but are otherwise completely helpless. Of the patients who come to this clinic, twenty per cent have syphilis and sixty per cent the probably related and hardly less disastrous yaws. This latter disease, with its running sores, rapidly debilitates its victims, so that they become incapable of effort and a dead loss to the community.

When the UNESCO people first came to Marbial, they found the peasants so undernourished that it was out of the question to teach them before they were adequately fed. So canteens were set up, and the people given work on the buildings and roads, to enable them to earn money. Some who have observed the experiment have arrived at the gloomy view that even such improved irrigation as the region is susceptible of would not raise the subsistence level to a point where the natives could benefit much. It is encouraging, however, that the people do seem to want education, that they have been eager in attendance at the center.

From the opposite side of the project, the side which is offering assistance, there are difficulties to be got over, too. First of all, there is a religious question. The natives of Marbial, though they actually practice voodoo, are nominally divided about half and half between the Catholic Church and various Protestant sects. The representative of the government on the project has been a fanatical Free Methodist, Arthur Bonhomme, whose father founded in Port-au-Prince an independent Methodist church, not acknowledging the authority of the Methodist mission. M. Bonhomme was sentenced to jail in 1937 for complicity in a plot to assassinate the Chef du Garde Présidentiel of President Vincent, and, while serving his term, read the Bible and had a profound religious experience. He came out preaching a red-hot doctrine, and possessed by a fervent mission to have the Gospels translated into Creole (a project that is now being carried out). In 1946 he became head of the Comité Pour la Diffusion de l'Enseignement par le Créole, and so was assigned to the UNESCO experiment. But the Catholics took alarm at an undertaking which, during the absence of the UNESCO director, was supervised by a militant Protestant, and which was known to have been initiated by the resident Methodist missionary.

To make matters worse, the UNESCO school, though its teaching was of course nonsectarian, was originally lodged in the Protestant church. The local Catholic priest has obstructed the work to such a degree that, in order to placate this opposition, it has been necessary to move the school and to detach M. Bonhomme from the project entirely.

As throwing light on the peculiar difficulties encountered by a disinterested attempt to improve the condition of



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the Haitian people, it may be worthwhile to include an account of my return from Marbial with a party which included Pastor McConnell, M. Gabriel, and a young man from the United States State Department. We had come to Jacmel by plane, and it had taken not much more than half an hour. Getting back was another matter. Every resource failed. They had told us at the airport in the morning that it would be possible for us to charter a plane, but now they said that the weather was unfavorable. Nor was it easy to find a car. When we arrived, we were supposed to be met by a command car which would take us to Marbial, but this vehicle, which had been condemned as unfit for use on the road along the dangerous north coast (where it had half fallen over a precipice) and which had just been abandoned for several days in the bed of the bridgeless river (where it had gotten stuck in crossing), turned out now to be in such very bad shape that we were obliged to borrow a truck from a hospital.

We could not, however, take this to Port-au-Prince, so an attempt was made to fix up the command car, under which six or seven men were seen lying for about two hours. The man who had met us and was supposed to look after us faded quietly away from time to time and finally disappeared altogether. Our attempts to hire a car at the town garage did not result in anything definite. The truth was, as we came to understand, that nobody wanted to make the trip. The proprietor of a little hotel, in the café of which we were waiting, invited us to look at his bedrooms, which were, he said, specially suited to Americans. Then we were chilled, the State Department man and I, as our companions imparted to us a further suspicion for which we had not been prepared. There was, it seemed, some reason for believing that our trip had been sabotaged from the beginning by M. Bonhomme's people—of whom our greeter was one—who had originally been employed by him and who resented his having been removed.

Later in the evening, however, the command car was made to run, and a mechanic from the garage consented to drive us to Port-au-Prince, though only after making us wait while he went home and changed his clothes in order to be dressed for the city. When we had started and saw what the road was like, we weren't sure that the reluctance of the drivers had necessarily been due to sabotage. The wonder was, in fact, that anybody had been willing to embark at that hour in that old piece of rickety junk, which seemed ready to fall to pieces at every jolt of the much-jolting road.

We broke down about every fifteen minutes and had long waits among the nocturnal banana groves, while the driver, who did not have a flashlight, tinkered by the flame of small flares held for him by boys from roadside

farms. It was proposed to turn back to Jacmel, but the man from the State Department had an engagement that evening, and Pastor McConnell, an Ulsterman, displayed a very British spirit in not wanting the Jacmel people to see that we had been defeated. Buses, coming from the other direction, found us blocking the road, and the drivers would get out to help. We finally persuaded one of them, by offering him forty dollars, to drive us to Port-au-Prince after his passengers had been delivered. This bus was called *La Sainte Famille,* and had a colored print of its patrons pasted up facing the driver. The passengers, as is common in Haiti, sang in chorus to beguile the journey. The driver and the man who spelled him always called one another *"mon cher"* and showed everybody the quiet courtesy that is characteristic of Haiti.

At one point this driver ran over a dog that was lying in the middle of the road and uttered a short "ha ha" as he heard its howls of pain. The bus was jammed, inside and on top, with the passengers, their baggage, and great sacks of potatoes and yams, which were gradually unloaded in the sleeping town. At last we started back, and the true rigors of the trip were revealed to us: We had had only bumpy going before. The road from Jacmel to Port-au-Prince is inextricably involved with the Gosseline River, which it crosses, by our actual count, more than eighty times and with the bed of which it is sometimes identical, so that you have to forge upstream like a ferryboat. These aquatic phases alternate, at regular and frequent intervals, with excursions into the mountains, where you run along a narrow pass, on one side of which drops a precipice.

When we would emerge from the bed of the river, there were usually stones in the tires that had to be dislodged by long pounding. But the wild country in the moonlight was exhilarating, and the ups and downs of the road kept one alert, like a roller-coaster. During the final stage of the journey—after the worst was over—the driver several times went to sleep, with the result that the bus made sudden swerves that might have landed us in a tree or a house if the watchful Pastor McConnell, who was sitting in the front seat, had not waked him up in time. We arrived at about 3:30.

A few days later one read in the paper a long protest by M. Bonhomme, addressed to the Secretary of State of National Education. He was answering an announcement by the Secretary that, dating from December 31, all activities connected with the Marbial project were *pro tem* to be suspended. The man at Jacmel who had fallen down on the problem of our transpor-

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tation had, I learned from another source, been relieved of his UNESCO duties. M. Bonhomme was complaining indignantly that the staff at Marbial center had not been paid for months and that he had been forced to meet expenses out of his own pocket. In rebuttal, one heard it said—unjustly, it may very well be, but in Haiti inevitably—that he had been handling the funds so recklessly that it was thought inadvisable to give him more.

In any case, a new director, an Englishman from Mauritius, has now been installed at Marbial, with M. Gabriel as assistant director.

Between the rivalries of Haitian politics and the dissensions within the U.N. itself, the vagaries of the Gosseline River and the activities of the yaws bacilli, the struggles of the Christian churches and the prestige of the voodoo divinities, it may seem that the experiment at Marbial is rather a precarious thing. The United Nations has published a three-hundred-page report, with editions both in English and in French, on the mission to Haiti of "a team of experts . . . set up" at the request of the Haitian government, "in consultation with four specialized agencies, namely, the Food and Agricultural Organization, the International Monetary Fund, The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, and the World Health Organization, which were requested to nominate experts in their service who could participate in the United Nations Mission as members conversant with the various problems in the field of agriculture, credit organization, education, and health, having a bearing on the general problem of economic development of underdeveloped countries." This mission was undertaken "In implementation of" the following aims: "(1) To examine the problems of and the conditions affecting the economic development of Haiti primarily in the fields of agriculture, industry and related activities, having regard to the inter-related economic and social problems bearing, in particular, on the improvement of health and education; (2) In the light of this examination and in taking cognizance of related government programmes or plans, to formulate proposals as to practicable measures, including those of a public finance nature, designed to promote the economic development of the country; (3) To appraise the needs in terms of organizational arrangements and technical assistance implied by the measures proposed."

One does find, of course, in the report a good deal of factual information, but the description of actual conditions and of the remedies proposed by the mission is all more or less in this pompous, polysyllabic, and generalizing vein. In contrast to three hundred pages of it, the Marbial center seems tiny, and the twenty-seven-thousand-dollar annual budget that is all that the United Nations combined with the Haitian government has so far been able to afford, a meager expenditure. Nevertheless, there are real forces working for Marbial: on one side, the sincere desire of certain idealistic young Haitians, who have been well trained in modern techniques and who do not share the mentality of the politicians, to see their people become something more than a diseased, undernourished peasantry manipulated by a spendthrift élite; and, on the other side, the interest of the United States, as emphasized by Truman's Point Four, in providing new markets for its products by raising the standards of backward countries. The mention of "measures of public finance" in the survey quoted above reminds us of the banking interests that, along with the strategic ones, brought the United States into Haiti. But "capitalist" governments today, as well as educators and engineers, are obliged to talk in terms of aims like those of the Socialists and Communists with whom these governments are now competing. The publicity put out by UNESCO in connection with its Haitian mission is curiously reminiscent—by its abstract formulations as well as by its declared objectives, though the jargon is a little different—of the literature of the Communist Party in the days when it was preoccupied with "the toiling masses."

It will be interesting, in any case, to see how far Marbial will get. Of the two other similar experiments that UNESCO has undertaken, one in China and one in British East Africa, the first has been made impossible by the Communist successes in China, and the second has been given up for reasons that are left obscure by the UNESCO reports on the subject. —EDMUND WILSON

(This is the second of three articles on Haiti.)

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Il Duce and Il Truman

Five years ago, when President Roosevelt died, Mussolini was at his headquarters in northern Italy, still grimly playing at being a chief of state—although for the nineteen months of its existence his "Italian Social Republic" had been a ghost and Il Duce himself a dummy for the German General Kesselring.

Thanks to the survival of the ex-Duce's office documents, we are able to reconstruct his first reaction to the death of his archfoe: He barked an order for an intelligence report on the effect of the change in American leadership.

He got it five days later, on April 17, 1945, which was reasonably *subito* under the circumstances. The Axis was practically done for, but the technical appurtenances of power die slowly. Bureaucracies coast along on the momentum of professional optimism. With the great Roosevelt dead, perhaps. . . . The Fascist Ministry for Foreign Affairs had ground out an official "analysis" for Il Duce's guidance, ignoring the deceased and concentrating hopefully upon the probable course of Harry S. Truman. It still lay in the file basket of a secretary when a foraging O.S.S. team raided the premises ahead of the advancing Fifth Army, scooped up every paper in sight, and hustled the lot south for study.

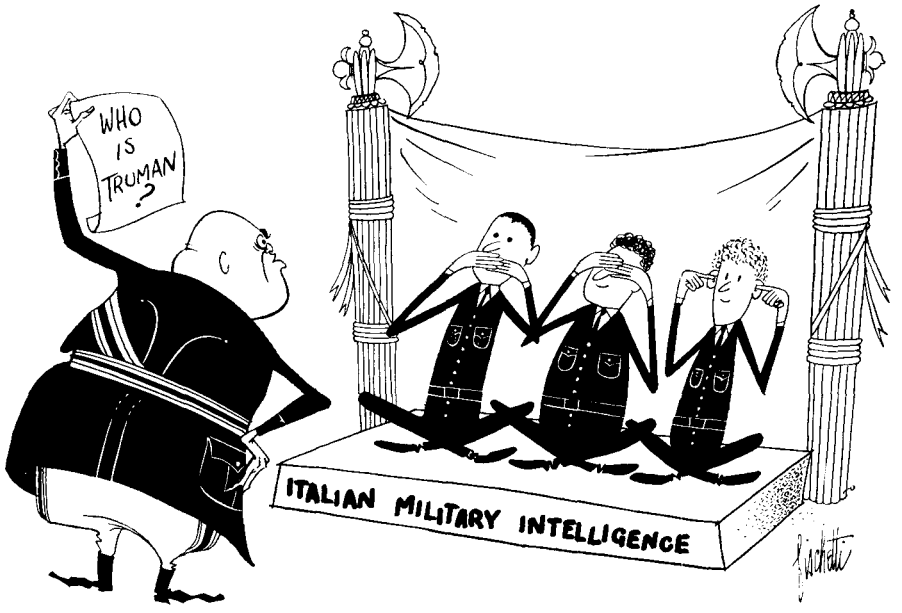
The Fascist assessment of the new President was remarkable for a single reason: It was based upon one of the most ludicrous errors in the annals of any intelligence service. Since neither Mussolini nor Hitler was fated to survive the next month, the error did not persist long enough to affect the course of history, but otherwise it might have. The document is not only a curiosity but also a splendid example of the kind of warped information upon which totalitarian rulers are apt to base their most earth-shaking decisions. It casts light upon a mystery of our generation—why dictators often act so dumb.

The memorandum is typewritten on three sheets of fine, heavy white paper (extremely rare in wartime Italy), the special stationery of the *Ministero degli Affari Esteri,* and it bears the printed heading *"Appunto per il DUCE."* This means "Especially for the DUCE." In Italian bureaucratic jargon, an *appunto* is a report with some of the quality of "private" or "exclusive." The data contained are attributed to the Historical Office of the Ministry.

Since the new President was scarcely familiar even to his own countrymen, and a complete stranger to international chancelleries, the *appunto* begins by explaining how it happened that this fellow Truman (*il Truman*) could become President all of a sudden while no one was looking. With reasonable accuracy, it tells how at the Chicago convention of 1943 (sic) the opponents of the former Vice-President, "Senator" Wallace, had decided to "give him the boot (*dargli lo sgambetto*)"; and how Senator Truman, although not "a political figure of the first class," had been chosen "in the last hour" as the substitute most acceptable to Roosevelt.

Next it identifies Senator Truman as the leader of an important investigating committee. The reader will probably recall the two sets of Congressional probers that dominated the immediately pre- and post-Pearl Harbor news from Washington. Over in the House, the Special Committee on Un-American Activities (the "Dies Committee") kept wires sizzling with sensational allegations of a Communist conspiracy to overthrow the government. In the Senate, the Special Committee to Investigate the National Defense Program ("Truman Committee") was quietly building its chairman a reputation as an effective, if undramatic, watchdog against graft and inefficiency in the conduct of the war. In Mussolini's *appunto,* however, the story is given in these words:

"At the time of his election to the Vice-Presidency, *il Truman*" — nowhere is there mention of the President's full name—"was known solely for the fact that he had presided over the commission of inquiry, created



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through his initiative some years before the actual conflict, to investigate the so-called 'anti-American activities,' or those of the Communists and of the Nazis, which were believed capable of provoking dangerous agitations. . . ."

Half of the *appunto's* total wordage is devoted to a review of Dies Committee disclosures, revealing the utter ignorance of its writers that these could not be attributed to the new President. "It appeared that the entire territory of the United States was covered with a dense network of Communist organizations . . . in schools, colleges, universities, churches of nearly all faiths . . . in the Christian Youth (YMCA and YWCA) . . . published a review of great typographical luxury . . . financed by the Third International . . . taking instructions from the party *Direzione* . . . creating Bolsheviki . . .

"On the other hand," the *appunto* triumphantly records, "the inquiries into Nazi [and Fascist] activities did not result in any sensational discovery at all . . . absolutely nothing."

The conclusion, based upon this version of history, is an equivocal prophecy: "Having been elected . . . with Roosevelt after the intervention of the United States, it must be presumed that [Truman] shares the ideas of his ex-chief [toward the war]. . . .Inasmuch as in the past he was evidently hostile to [Communism] and therefore to Bolshevik Russia, it is presumable that he will try now to forget that page of his past. In any event it is probable that his succession will provoke movements of importance in [American] politics."

On the date of the *appunto*, 17 April, 1945, Mussolini initialed it with a flamboyant "M" in red pencil. Just twelve days later, the Allied armies broke the long stalemate in the Apennines and advanced into the Po Valley. Il Duce, scurrying for the safety of Switzerland with his mistress and his treasury, was caught by Italian partisans on the Lake Como shore road and summarily shot.

The question that arises to plague us is *why* a ruler of men, a quasi monarch with a nation's resources at his disposal, could be the victim of such unmitigated nonsense. No military secret had to be cracked to assess the public character of Harry S. Truman; no Mata Hari had to wiggle provocatively to get a look at the New York *Times*. The answer lies in the nature of totalitarian propaganda. If such propaganda is indeed a weapon, its closest likeness among the more lethal weapons is the Australian boomerang.

Mussolini's little men, loyal *Fascisti* all, had followed, publicized, and carefully recorded the Dies Committee's disclosures of Communist intrigue because that news happened to suit the "isolationist" line in this country and the Axis line abroad. The propaganda of both groups was designed to make Americans doubt the wisdom of fighting the Axis in alliance with Soviet Russia. The Truman Committee's work highlighted a contrary American determination to destroy the aggressors, Russia or no Russia. Therefore the Fascists had studiously ignored it. When fate vaulted Senator Truman into the White House, they spotted him as "the committee man," but the only Congressional committee whose work was fully documented in their files was that of Mr. Dies. What was more natural for a flustered Fascist bureaucrat than to amalgamate the two committees?

A dictator may control armies of spies, but most of what he knows is what he and his aides and henchmen read or hear in their own language. In the absence of a free press and free information, a dictator becomes the intellectual prisoner of his own censors and regimented journalists. He tells them what to believe, and they, in turn, tell *him*.

So Il Duce's curious *appunto* on American politics is in all likelihood no more curious than many of the state papers that are sliding across long, polished tables in the Kremlin today.

—WILLIAM LAAS

Dry Holes and Word-Wildcatters

There has been a good bit lately, even in the big Eastern papers, about the oil depletion allowance. The history of this goes back to the beginnings of the petroleum industry in America. As almost everyone must know, or at least suspect, the people who hunt continually for oil do not find it every time they sink a drill: in fact, the average is about seven dry holes to every producer. But it costs a lot of money to find dry holes, so, not unnaturally, the oilmen some years ago asked for and got an Act of Congress allowing them to deduct 27.5 per cent from their income-tax bills for such unrecoverable losses. (They asked for thirty per cent, the Treasury fought for twenty-five, and the result was the obvious compromise.) Now the Treasury is trying to get the figure cut to fifteen per cent, but without much success, since the idea is beginning to percolate in Washington that the entire budgetary structure of at least five Southwestern states rests on oil.

The point we'd like to make is that the depletion allowance concept seems so right and fair for such a tricky business that we wish Congress would consider extending it to the writing business, which is as tricky as any we know. The novelist (and the librettist, the playwright, the radio and movie scenarist, the short-story writer) spends many sweaty, frustrating hours sinking dry holes. (He also spends money, sometimes the U. S. Saving Bonds originally put away for Junior's education, or what he can borrow on his insurance, or the accumulation of years of grinding away on a distasteful job that was to have led, like Jacob's, to beauteous Rachel.) And what happens if he clicks? The Treasury treats his rare (and seldom repeated) windfall as though it were a normal year's return; that's what happens.

We think it is high time that Washington began to consider the wildcatter of words and paragraphs. —L. W.

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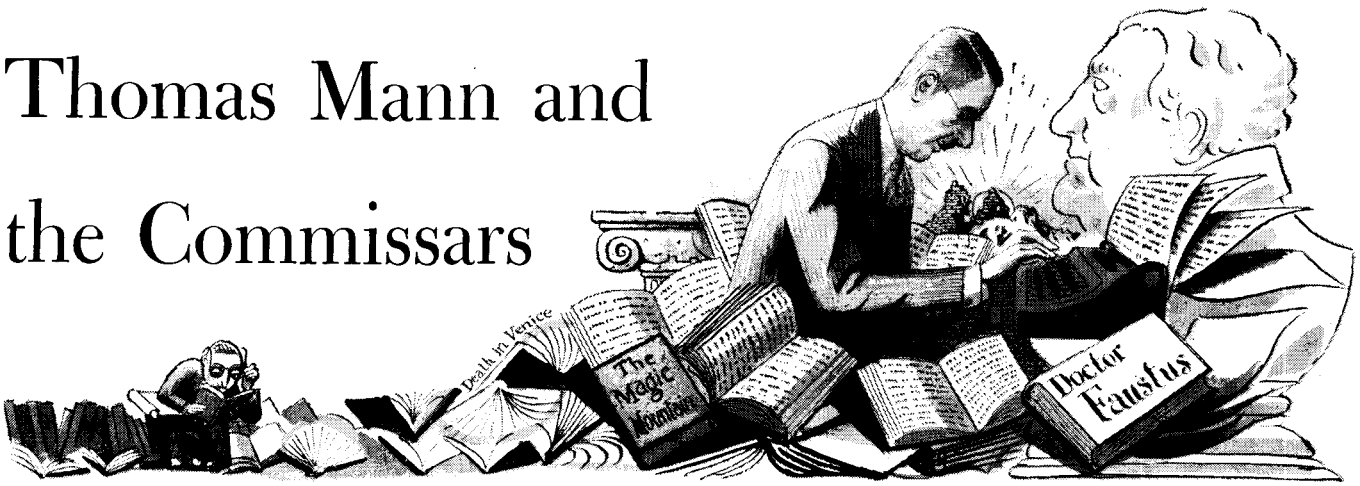
Thomas Mann and the Commissars



"I want to tell you officially, Dr. Mann," said the late Mayor La Guardia at a dinner welcoming Germany's foremost author to New York, "that there are just two kinds of people in America: those who have read your books, and those who say they have."

That was fifteen years ago. Since then, Thomas Mann's novels and tracts have multiplied at a rate swift enough to tax many a devotee; and no one has suggested that the involved, orchestral prose of the later Mann is easy to follow. His social ideas and political attitudes have multiplied too, and in such divergent directions that not every reader can keep pace with them. Those who are still busy threading their way through the lengthy disquisitions on musical theory and philosophy in his latest novel, *Doctor Faustus,* may have missed the latest political excursions of Doctor Mann. The reigning humanist of letters—once a "nonpolitical" monarchist, then a moderate democrat, then an ardent anti-Nazi—has now taken to traveling down a road paved with Moscow's intentions.

As a brisk intellectual tourist, he gets on and off that road. He was off it April 28, when in an interview he announced his dislike of the totalitarianism of the Soviet Zone of Germany and declared that American fear of Communism was "very comprehensible." But he was on it last year when he visited that same Soviet Zone. The occasion was the bicentenary of Goethe's birth, and Mann had returned to his homeland after a sixteen-year exile to receive "Goethe prizes" in both the western and eastern zones. After he had picked up Prize No. 1 in Frankfurt, American and west German officials tried to dissuade him from going to Weimar to fetch the second, arguing that his visit would be used for propaganda purposes. Mann answered that his intentions were nonpolitical, and that he "owed it to Germany" to go wherever he was called. As soon as he crossed the zonal border he was swept off in an official triumphal procession. When he arrived at the National Theater in Weimar to receive Prize No. 2 and the freedom of the city, he was welcomed by massed dignitaries, headed by the Soviet Director of Information, General Tulpanov, and the zone's literary boss, the poet Johannes R. Becher, president of the "Cultural League for German Democratic Renewal." Becher, in his address, hailed Mann as a fighting humanist who had "come out against the folly of anti-Bolshevism."

In his acknowledging speech, Mann described his refusal to be bound by west-zonal limits, and termed his winning both prizes a unique symbol of "German unity"—a touch that happened to dovetail with the current Communist propaganda line. He concluded by voicing the hope that German soil would soon be free again—a sentiment more than acceptable to the Soviet officials in the audience, since the Communist Party had long been encouraged to agitate against the West for withdrawal of occupation forces.

Later, at a banquet attended by Generals Tulpanov and Kolesnitchenko, and by German Communist leaders ranging from the Minister-President of Thuringia to the prominent Eisler brothers, Gerhart and Hanns, Mann replied to glowing descriptions of the great advances made in the Soviet Zone with some glowing remarks of his own. According to the official zonal organ, *Tägliche Rundschau,* he said he had observed a remarkable contrast between western and eastern Germany. While he had been feted in the western zone as the returning image of an earlier day, here in Weimar, he said, he had been confronted by a new day—a picture of the future. Here he had not been greeted as an old codger, but as a man who could be of some help in building a new world.

Well-publicized messages of congratulation from Wilhelm Pieck and other party chieftains flowed in, angled in such a way as to suggest that Mann had endorsed the German Communist program. Mann did not disavow these. To east zone reporters he described his Weimar visit as "the high point" of his German tour. A reporter from the party's "Socialist Unity" front, *Neues Deutschland,* asked him if he thought that "a new fascist danger threatened the world." "Yes," said Mann, "the fascist danger survives, threatening the extinction of humanity."

This was the only danger he mentioned. Not a whisper of criticism of Communist behavior escaped his lips while he was in Germany.

"Has Thomas Mann changed overnight?" exclaimed the Swedish writer Paul Olberg, in a dismayed open letter to Mann after the Weimar appearance. Yes, Thomas Mann had changed; but then, he had changed before—often and abruptly. Now he was talking against the Marshall Plan and against "anti-Communism," and supporting such party-line maneuvers in America as the World Peace Conference at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. Several years earlier, he had been talking a very different language; but that

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other language, too, had come to him suddenly—and after long delay.

In the winter of 1936-1937, after having sat out the first four years of the Hitler régime in a Swiss retreat from which he had preferred to say nothing "political," he had come forth overnight as a full-fledged anti-fascist, calling for militant action. "Democracy as a whole," the convert had proclaimed, "is still far from acquiring a clear conception . . . of the fanaticism and absolutism of the totalitarian state. . . . Democracy's danger is the humane illusion . . . that compromise with this new creature is possible, that it can be won over to the idea of peace and collective reconstruction by forbearance, friendliness and amicable concessions. . . . Freedom must discover its virility. It must learn to walk in armor and to defend itself against its deadly enemies." These were brave, ringing words, and the world remembers them today, even though their author has evidently undergone a fresh conversion.

What is interesting about the conversions of Thomas Mann is perhaps not so much their substance as their timing. They have a way of coming late in the day. The political make-up of Thomas Mann at seventy-four can be traced at least in part to the lags and conflicts of his early patrician years—and to the uncertainties and inhibitions that beset a generation of central-European intellectuals.

Mann's own elder brother Heinrich—whose death this March passed almost without notice—revolted against the existing order in a series of scathing novels that blasted its crassness and its pretensions. But young Thomas retreated from the outward scene into a private world of aestheticism. He wrote melancholy, Chekhovian stories about the loneliness of artists, their divorce from daily life, their dedication to death, and their despairing nostalgia for the healthy pleasures of a normal bourgeois existence. He was the model of the late-romantic nonconformist, wishing he could simply conform. As he said through Tonio Kröger, an exquisite mirror of himself, he was "an artist with a bad conscience."

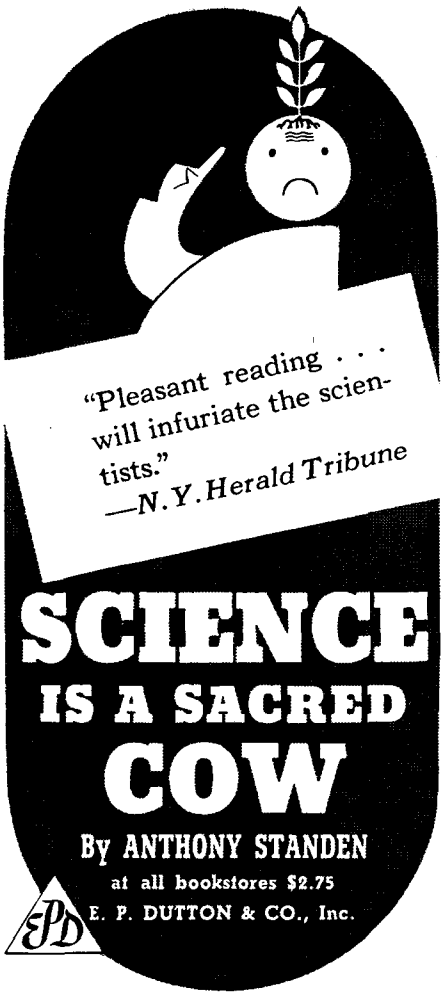
Shut out from a normal role in society through the "fevers and chills" of his pursuit of art, he felt himself to be a doomed outlander, like some of his most remarkable creations, the dilettante Detlev Spinell in *Tristan* and the novelist Gustav von Aschenbach in *Death in Venice;* yet, for all his aloofness, he hugged the established social order to his heart—the more uncritically because his mood was one of genteel despair.

He called himself "nonpolitical," as so many well-bred Germans before and since have done to express their preference for accepting orders without question. In fact, in his "nonpolitical" role he wrote, during the First World War, a violent tract against all the democratic thinking his brother stood for. This book, *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* (*Reflections of a Nonpolitical Man*), published in 1918, has never been translated, and Mann has since tried to minimize it, but it bears directly on his behavior in 1950.

In it, the patrician novelist from old Lübeck took sides for an authoritarian, "nonpolitical," introspective, conservative Germany as against the democratic, liberal, humanistic, pragmatic West. As for democracy, it was simply "plutocracy plus a desire for comfort."

In later years Mann tried to explain that the "Reflections" had really been just an artist's outpouring—"a rear-guard action in the grand style, the latest and last of German middle-class romanticism; fought in full consciousness that it was a lost cause and thus not without greatness of soul." The exercise, he said, had served him as a kind of catharsis, enabling him to move on to something else. He regretted that the book's readers had not shared in that catharsis; "they misunderstood it," he remarked—meaning that they took it literally. Yet he himself went on clinging to its central theme, which he described as "the native strangeness of the German spirit toward the world of politics or democracy, against which it sets up, as its own peculiar concept, the unpolitical, aristocratic one of culture." This idea, he wrote as late as 1930, "remains incontestably correct."

In the meantime, though, despite this "strangeness," the impact of the new German Republic had persuaded him to become a democrat himself. In a celebrated speech in 1923, in which he proclaimed his conversion, he set out to justify it on the ground that German democracy was at bottom simply the continuation of the German romantic movement. He looked for precedents. He found a stirring one,



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he said, in Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* —in spite of its nationalistic, anti-French overtones. He found another in the writings of his other romantic idol, Nietzsche—in spite of Nietzsche's cult of power and the "superman." He wrote essays praising both general uplift and the traditional German "folk idea"; he went back again to Wagner's essays, apparently overlooking their anti-Semitism, their cult of tribal primitivism, and their contempt for parliamentary forms. When Mann came to America in 1938 to lecture its citizens on democracy, he admitted in answer to a query that he had never heard of Thomas Jefferson.

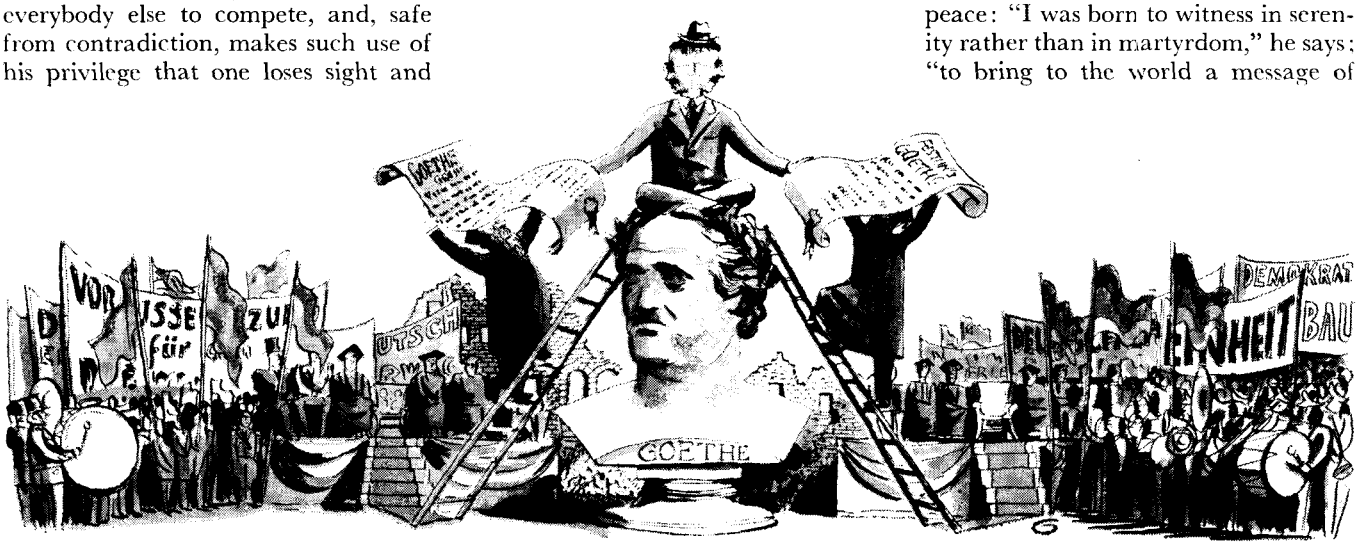
He rose to exalted moments under his new inspiration—highest, perhaps, in the searing portrait of fascist evil in the symbolic short story *Mario and the Magician,* and in the mighty letter to the rector of the University of Bonn, in which he denounced all of Nazism's works. But for the most part there remained—and still remains—something curiously rootless, abstract, equivocal, and aloof about his conversion to the people's cause. He had come into it from above, descending from Germany's own metaphysical mists, and he seemed reluctant to touch ground. As a democrat, he proudly said that he belonged to no political or economic group at all. The common people? He was still dubious about them. "I cannot bring myself to believe in the heroism of the underdogs. Their world is not heroic. . . ." He thought they talked too much, and stupidly. "Mass man . . . has usurped the right to think, to talk and to write; he has adopted it as his sole prerogative, forbidden everybody else to compete, and, safe from contradiction, makes such use of his privilege that one loses sight and hearing and is tempted to curse liberal democracy, which has taught everyone to read and write." If only democracy could be nonpolitical! He talked of waging war "for a pacified, depoliticalized Europe which alone can provide an atmosphere conducive to Germany's greatness and happiness. Such an atmosphere will restore political innocence to the works of Germany." This was in December, 1939.

But how was one to recover this innocence? First of all, one must fight fascism. One's sympathies — somewhat cautiously, to be sure—ought to be on the side of the workingman. A certain amount of socialism would help. ("Socialism," declared Mann, in a definition that only a German could write, "is nothing other than the duty-prompted resolve not to hide our heads in the sands of metaphysics, in the face of the most urgent material demands of the collective social life.") But at the same time, one must "honor standards and defend values." The problem was: Which standards and which values? "What would be . . . typically German," he suggested, "would be an alliance . . . between the conservative culture-idea and revolutionary social thought: to put it pointedly . . . an understanding between Greece and Moscow."

What was that again? The author was becoming involved. The old romantic conflicts still bothered him. Art, sensitivity, high culture, still seemed something apart from life; creative instinct was at war with practical reason, while intellect, in turn, was something apart from politics. Yet there was one man in whom all the conflicts had been resolved—that all-embracing, ancestral genius whose "marvelous combination of the daemonic and the urbane . . . have made him the darling of mankind." His name, of course, was Goethe. Turn back to Goethe, then—the "superman," as Mann calls him. Let his fatherly humanism be your guide. Never mind, for the moment, that the grand old man of Weimar openly deplored popular government and freedom of the press.

So with Mann we end, after a brave transit of democracy, back among the patriarchs. The first patriarch was Kaiser William; but he failed. At the time of Mann's 1923 conversion to the German Republic, he spoke half-humorously and half-fondly of its first President as "Father Ebert"; but Ebert failed too. Father Goethe, the all-knowing, survives. And in his new Goethian spirit Mann has drawn the model of a practicing patriarch in the character of the Biblical Joseph, the mythical son of Father Nile, who as a ruling priest, protector, "good provider," and public-works enthusiast combines the best features of a benevolent despot and the administrator of a Mediterranean WPA.

There is in *The Magic Mountain* a celebrated scene in which the hero, Hans Castorp, lost in a snowstorm and growing delirious, imagines himself amidst a classic landscape in which the "children of the sun" loll to musical strains in a well-ordered Utopia. It is also of a Utopia—peaceful, orderly, vaguely socialistic, and, if possible, nonpolitical—that Mann often seems to be dreaming. He calls above all for peace: "I was born to witness in serenity rather than in martyrdom," he says; "to bring to the world a message of



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peace rather than to nourish hatred and bloodshed." And to that end, he asks us to forgo the troublesome disorders of the East-West conflict and merge somehow in a grand, Goethian All.

But Mann knows in his more perceptive moments that this idea is an escape—in his own case an artistic escape from the "fevers and chills" of individuality and isolation. He has drawn, in *Doctor Faustus*, the portrait of a bizarre, demon-driven musician, Adrian Leverkühn, whose deadly turbulence reflects what Mann calls the "inherited migraine" of the German race. It is as if Mann were saying, Let's not be artistic and perpetual worriers any more; let's cure that terrible headache. Mann, the "artist with a bad conscience," wants to be a bourgeois; but Mann the bourgeois also has a bad conscience—which makes him ready to be almost anything else.

"It is characteristic of undemocratic or of democratically uneducated nations," Mann has said, "that their thinking goes on without reference to reality, in pure abstraction." The same applies to individuals. But not many democratically uneducated individuals set themselves up as seers and prophets of democracy. The German intellectual, though, as Mann himself has pointed out, when he rises to the stature of genius tends to phenomenal "self-exaltation." The same may apply to Thomas Mann. His political somersaults, if they have not landed him on his feet, have at least placed him on a pedestal. He tends to be grateful to anyone who will keep him there. When he came home from the Soviet Zone he commented in the New York *Times* on the tumultuous homage that had been shown him there, and asked whether this might not have been due "to a process of popular education that has more inclusively than in the West inculcated respect for an intellectual entity like myself."

Those who dissent from the particular education of the Soviet Zone are likely to get into trouble; Mann admitted that. The old concentration camp at Buchenwald, he had heard, was crowded again. Too bad, he said. He did not go to see for himself. He was busy enacting the role of another cloudy Dr. Faustus in nearby Weimar.

—WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

VARVARA—*when found by Foster Parents' Plan for War Children in Greece*

VARVARA—*after months of receiving help from Foster Parents' Plan for War Children*

"I WANT A BLUE EYE . . ."

This is Varvara, a twelve-year-old Greek child. Her father and mother starved to death during World War II. Varvara was eight years old when she witnessed this ghastly death of her parents. She still talks about it. Three years later, during the civil war in Greece, Varvara was hit in the cheek by a mortar shell. She lost her right eye completely, and the vision in her left eye has been greatly impaired. Yet life holds great joy for Varvara: a hair-bow, a dress, a spoon, a meal—things hitherto unknown to this little girl. To say nothing of plastic surgery for her face. This means a series of operations, but eventually all the shell fragments will be removed and horrible infections cleared. Then Varvara will be able to wear an artificial eye. Although her left eye is brown, Varvara says joyfully, "I want a blue eye!" She says she loves Americans, "they are fixing my eye and my face, and they help children everywhere, not only Greece, Italy, France . . . everywhere."

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To Man's Measure . . .

Teacher at Bay

In magazine advertisements high-school girls are long-legged, rosy-cheeked, and healthy; they are always crossing a green lawn on their way to a beautiful new high school—always having just had a soft drink. It is never raining; the flag flies in the bright sunlight; it certainly is a wonderful thing to be young. In the radio serials the high-school girls get their young men to plant the roses, the geraniums, in the garden so that their fathers can go off to play golf, and they always put the geraniums where the roses should have been put, and Mother is angry, but not really, and Father is afraid of Mother, but not really. And when the high-school girls have not got a dress for the high-school dance, Mother says they cannot have one, but Father gets a dress just in time and Mother and Father are swell, really, even if they are grown-ups. There is nothing at all Kinsey about the high-school girls in the radio serials.

When you travel across the country you see that the radio serials and the magazine advertisements reproduce reality, or, at least, a reality we would like to create. They show what all Americans want, and, to a great extent, what many Americans have—and not just in California, either. It is tiresome and stupid to be cynical about the advertisements and the radio serials, for we do want the car, the refrigerator, the chromium kitchen, the shining bathroom, the house, the garage, the geraniums, the roses, the high-school girls going off every morning to the wonderful high school with the green lawn in front of it and the bright flag flying on the flagpole which is topped by a golden eagle. It is tiresome to call this picture of a happy American life unrealistic or dishonest. It is also stupid to call it entirely accurate.

In New York, in the morning, the girls who go to Washington Irving High cross no green lawns. They climb spit-slimed subway steps at 14th and Third or at Union Square, or they come on foot from the tenements of the East Side or the West. They pass the morning drunks already engaged in their balancing act; they pass the cut-rate record shop with the loudspeaker playing—three or four hot-dog, cigarette, soft-drink counters, five or six saloons, three movie houses, an Automat; they turn into a street called Irving Place which is their campus and, at its lower end—their end—singularly dismal.

Once it was fashionable. Theaters, restaurants, clubs, private houses were on it or near it. Washington Irving's house still stands, with a bronze plaque to say it was his, and a basement restaurant. A heroic-sized head of this forgotten American writer stares out blindly from the high-school steps. Irving Place runs but a few blocks, from 14th to Gramercy Park. Gramercy Park also was fashionable and remained fashionable much longer—Henry James could guarantee that—but New York leaves nothing alone and shabbiness is beginning to creep into it now. Gramercy Park young ladies used to play in their park that was to be "forever" locked to the public; they looked up at the actor Edwin Booth on his pedestal or, through the eight-foot-high iron grille that surrounds the park, at the Players Club which was Booth's home. When the Gramercy Park young ladies were old enough for high school they were already installed in private academies, so that they never had to make up their minds whether or not to go down the street to Washington Irving High—which, in those lost and elegant days, did not exist anyway.

A few weeks ago New York had a high-school strike. The children had a pleasant idea: They wanted more pay for their teachers. They marched downtown, on one day ten thousand of them, to call on Mayor O'Dwyer in his City Hall. When the high-school children reached City Hall the Mayor refused to let them in. He could hardly do otherwise. It proved difficult to keep them out. They rioted mildly; they overturned one automobile (damage, $250), they attempted to stick a pin in one horse—a mounted policeman's. If the police had not kept their heads there could easily have been disaster.

It was the pin, probably, that did it. The Mayor, "flushed with anger," wanted to know who had "fomented" these disorders; the Superintendent of Schools spoke of "subversive elements." But when things calmed down, a few days later, the Mayor, "puffing on his curved-stemmed pipe" received a delegation of children, said they were "nice children," and that "As long as you have children like that representing the students I wouldn't worry about a couple of kids [forty thousand unauthorized absences] taking a day off." President of the committee received by the Mayor (representing 225,000 students) was sixteen-year-old Harriet Hirsch of Washington Irving High. Miss Hirsch condemned the "unlawful demonstrations."

Possibly Miss Hirsch was in Irving Place one morning during the strike when a hundred or more Washington Irving High students were on the sidewalk outside the school. It was one of the dark, dirty days New York has had this spring. The high-school girls carried their schoolbooks, and you could not tell whether they were on strike or not, but they—or "subversive" elements from somewhere else—had a teacher (for whom they wanted more pay) backed up against a drugstore window. The teacher was angry, tall, blonde, hatless, frightened, and dignified. She said nothing. Somebody poked at her with an umbrella. She said nothing; she did not try to break out of the group; she did not even denounce subversive activities; after a time they let her walk away.

The teacher at bay and the high-school girls of Washington Irving High have no green lawn, no bright flag on a flagpole placed in the middle of a lawn, no way at all to look like the high-school girls in the magazine advertisements. —Gouverneur Paulding

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The Ruhr: cradle of cannon and conquest

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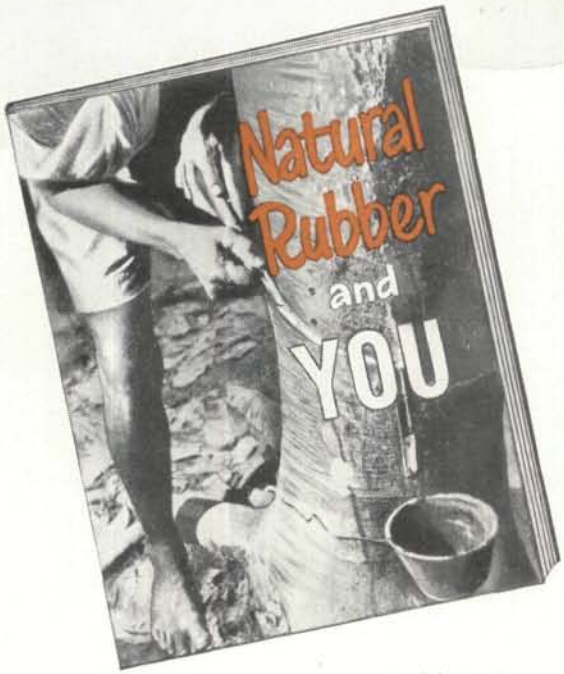

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